

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

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The WAR CRY

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WILLIAM MAXWELL, Commissioner.



A SHADOW OVER OUR FAIR LAND (see page 2)

WHAT HATH HE TAKEN AWAY?

They had left him at rest in the quiet spot

Under the elm-tree's shade,
Where silence reigned, and the soft winds sang

Over the grave new-made.
They had listened to words of kindly praise

Spoken of him, their friend;
The tribute given his recent life
Seemed truly to have no end.

His wealth, his station, his high degree,

His gifts of princely worth,
The friends he won, and the foes o'ercome,

As he lived his life on earth.
"A man of honor before the world,"

"A man far-famed," was he.
And he left behind, as he closed his eyes,

A fragrant memory.

E'en so! yet there came a solemn thought

To the heart of one that day:
It mattered not what was left behind,
But—what had he taken away?

Had he taken a soul which Christ had cleansed

From the soil of sin's dark stain?
Had he valued that soul's redemption more

Than the highest earthly gain?

Had he taken away to the future life

A love of those heavenly things
Which bless and strengthen the heart of man

When riches have taken wings?
Had he carried with him to the throne of God

A Christian's faith and love?
If so, whatever his joys below,

Far more had he gained above.

O, let us reflect, as we tarry here,
As the months and years roll by,
That our future depends on the soul we take

To the throne of our Judge on high.
However fragrant the memory

One leaves on the earth he trod,
The question is, "What hath he taken away

That his soul may show to his God?"

—Mary D. Brine.

THE VOICE OF GOD

IN THE dealings of God with Elijah (says a writer in the "British Weekly") we read that "the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind, an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake, and after the earthquake, fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice. And it was so when Elijah heard it that he understood everything."

What does it all mean? This: that the terrors of the law, the announcement of retribution, by themselves bring no good, no blessing, no spirit of repentance or comfort or recovery. That God is not in the wind, or in the earthquake, or in the fire. For these natural terrors will never of themselves set up a new principle of life, a new root of better things in the heart of an individual or in the heart of the State. Contempt, aloofness, the display of superiority, do nothing to bring mankind into the way of life. God is in the still small voice. In a voice that comes near and whispers and does not seek to make us merely abject.

The man who is afraid to submit a question to the test of free discussion is more in love with his own opinion than with the truth.

To work out our own contentment, we should labor not so, much to increase our substance as to moderate our desires.

Humor is the electric light in the halls of literature. Wit is the flashlight, and sarcasm a torch darkened by the smoke of prejudice.

The SHADOW of the BOTTLE

A Menace that Threatens our Fair Land with Horror and Destruction

(See Frontispiece)

"AN APPALLING RECORD." That is how one Canadian "daily" describes the recently issued report by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics on the liquor traffic throughout Canada.

Truly, after reading it, we can say that there is a shadow over our fair land—the shadow of the bottle.

The most striking thing about the report is the proof it affords that increased drinking leads to an increase in crime.

Liquor and crime have always gone hand in hand.

"Drink seems to grease the skids on every track that leads to perdition," says Dr. J. F. McKeddie.

"Alcohol," says Sir Wilfred Grenfell, "has wrecked more lives, starved more children and murdered more women than any other single factor."

"Alcohol is the most soul-destroying, body-destroying, nation-destroying substance ever known," declared the late Sir Thos. Anderson.

Still the Same Beast

The report of the liquor traffic in Canada shows that the leopard has not changed his spots.

Strong drink is still filling our penitentiaries with criminals, ruining homes, breaking hearts and creating the greatest menace to human life to be met with on the highways of the Dominion.

The number of drunken drivers of autos convicted in the courts has increased from 142 in 1921 to 1,322 in 1928.

Think of what this means to the safety of travelers on our arteries of traffic.

A steady increase in the number of deaths caused by alcoholism is recorded, and also in the proportion they bear to the total.

The colossal sums spent for liquor, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars during the past seven years, are staggering. What an economic loss they spell to the country!

But these figures do not tell all the story. What about wages lost; work spoiled, health ruined and time wasted through the effects of strong drink?

Is it not abundantly clear that increased drinking means increased crime, increased danger to human life on our highways, increased debauchery and shame and increased national degradation.

A Threatening Shadow

The shadow over our land is a threatening one. It may be likened to the giant airships which dropped fiery bombs of destruction upon sleeping cities during the Great War.

The shadow is increasing and will do infinitely more damage during the next seven years unless it can be driven off by those who love righteousness and hate iniquity.

As we look back across the centuries and see in imagination the long trail of broken hearts, blighted hopes, and wrecked humanity strewn along life's wayside, all marred and maimed by alcohol, surely we must be stirred to fight this demon that is destroying souls and bodies of men and women, and never rest till the liquor traffic has been driven from the earth for ever.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Nothing is conquered until self is overcome.

He only is fitted to rule who is afraid to rule wrong.

We often do more by our sympathy than by our labors.

Make useful sacrifices enough to dispense with useless ones.

"Wind out of season may mar the course of a whole life."

He who says what he likes will hear what he does not like.

Renunciations, not years, are the milestones on life's journey.

The hotter the argument the cooler it makes some friendships.

Do not utter velvet words if thou intendest to accomplish stony deeds.

Fortune favors those who work as if they expected to succeed without it.

It's a good plan to believe only half you hear, and then forget most of that.

There are very few of us who could stand the pace of being happy all the time.

When two friends part, they should look up one another's secrets and change the keys.

Are we living for the world, or are

we teaching the world to live?

The highest and most profitable reading is the true knowledge and consideration of ourselves.

When alone we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our temper; in society, our tongues.

The corruption of the age is made up of the particular contributions of every individual man.

He that well and rightly considereth his own works will find little cause to judge hardly of another.

None can touch God's people without God's permission. It would not be good for us to be without trials to strengthen our characters, but with the trial God will provide a way of deliverance to those who unhesitatingly obey Him.

You say the Lord's prayer every day, but how much of it are you trying to help answer?

It's the way of every human to call a man a crank when he dreams and potters, and a hero when his dreams come true.

Let a man get the idea that he is being wronged, or that everything is against him, and you cut his earning capacity in two.

Daily Manna

Readings For The Quiet Hour



Sunday, Sept. 1st, I Samuel 14:1-14.

"Behold, I am with thee, according to thy heart." Nearly all leading men and women have "armor-bearers"—that is, people who work faithfully for them behind the scenes and without whom they could not do their work. Let the one you serve find you what Jonathan found in his armor-bearer. They met danger, risk; they went with "their lives in their hands," but the armor-bearer was loyal and true, always there when needed. A fine example for our young people.

Monday, Sept. 2nd, I Samuel 14:15-30.

"The spoilers they also trembled." Your adversaries may seem overwhelmingly numerous and strong, but when they realize that God is on your side, their courage will melt away. Note how this victory of Jonathan's so prepared the way that not only the enemies in the garden, but the whole army of the Philistines were defeated. Take courage! See what two friends with God as their Helper are able to accomplish.

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, I Samuel 14:31-46.

The broken vow.—Saul desired made a grave mistake in exacting strict an oath from his exhausted troops. Had he placed more confidence in God and less restraint on his people how much greater would his victory have been. Beware of acting under excitement, and without due thought and consideration.

Wed., Sept. 4th, I Samuel 15:1-11.

"Samuel . . . cried unto the Lord all night."—But for this all-night of prayer, Samuel could never have carried out the terribly hard duties which lay before him. In this time of waiting upon God he received strength and courage and firmness. What a lesson we can learn from Samuel. We, too, will get the same help from the Lord if we seek it by prayer as he did.

Thursday, Sept. 5th, I Samuel 15:12-23.

"I have performed the commandment of the Lord."—"Stop," says Samuel. "I have something to say to that," and God has something to say to it. Any good which you may have done has been more than counterbalanced by the evil arising from that which you have left undone. For half obedience is not obedience at all. Learn to obey truly if you want to have joy in your life, for the disobedient are never happy or successful.

Friday, Sept. 6th, I Samuel 15:24-25.

"Samuel mourned for Saul."—Great-hearted Samuel! No thought of himself or of his position in the kingdom which Saul now occupied. Only sorrow for the man who had spoiled his life and opportunities by his own folly. No wonder that in the last night of his life Saul longed to talk to Samuel and ask his help and advice. But he sought when it was too late!

Saturday, Sept. 7th, I Samuel 16:1-13.

"The Lord seeth not as man seeth."—While this is a solemn thought, it is great comfort in it, too. If you are trying to please God, and are truly doing your best, do not fear. He looks into your heart and sees your motives even if people around you do not understand you nor appreciate your work. Work for His judgment and approval, and then you can look up and say with joy, "Thou God seest me."

Suspicion is the attribute of a weak nature. Respect all you meet till you have cause to do otherwise, and then avoid; do not condemn.

The Giant Slaughterman

Who Changed a Pair of Sheepskins for a Pair of Canoes

By C.I.D.

THE highest authorities agree that The Salvation Army provides the best school for reclaiming those whose disadvantages have marred life's beauty.

This was proved in the case of the giant slaughterman who, some years ago, made his appearance in the ranks.

In his day he was claimed to be the most monstrous convert The Army had in Australia.

There he was at the Penitent-form, a great heap of bones, flung down like many a huge bullock he had stuck with his long spike.

He knew very little about God. He had come to The Salvation Army, and there he was "stuck."

Nearly Seven Feet High

When standing he was nearly seven feet high; but as he knelt the noticeable thing was his feet, which stretched out enormously from that astonishingly big sample of humanity kneeling pathetically before God. He had no boots on! Each foot was wrapped in a dirty sheepskin!

Crying? Not a bit of it. His father was a Lowland Scot and his mother a Gaelic woman. Such people would not shed tears if the earth were breaking up under them, or the heavens crashing down about their ears.

No, the giant shed no tears. He just hid his eyes in his great arms and waited. Waited for that wonderful Salvation that was coming to him. And it came.

He had been reared in a two-roomed hut on the side of a hill that ran down to the edge of a winding creek. Within this humble abode there was nothing beautiful except the sweet, tender love of the mother for her children. But outside there was beauty all around.

On a Spring morning the great paddock in which the cows grazed was an immense green lawn where dew-drops sparkled in the sunshine like thousands of crystal gems. Round the place were forest-clad hills that silently spoke of things eternal, and away in the distance was a mountain that the Scotch folks declared was exactly like Ben Lomond.

In the creek below, on Summer nights, long after the sun had cast its departing rays, the Chinese alluvial gold-diggers rocked their sluicing-craddles to secure the last possible speck of the precious metal in daylight, keeping up their own peculiar sing-song chatter all the time.

A Cramped Life

The giant and his brothers would sit listening, with their backs to the wall of the house, hugging their huge knees in the twilight, and wishing for the unknown pleasures of a fuller and broader life. It was the same thing over and over again on the hillside, and they grew increasingly tired of it as they grew in stature. They were cramped in that little place.

The soul that was in them was inherited from a sturdy and progressive race in the far north. They could never be content as they were. An outlet of some sort was imperative.

They liked things big when they could get them, but the only big thing they now got was a feed. Between meals one of them would take a cottage loaf, fresh from the baker, break it in two with his huge hands, fill the lower half with half a pound of butter spread on with the thumb, and eat that with great relish.

Then, lifting a bucket of water to his mouth, he would swallow enough

to drown a kitten, and look well pleased. That was a snack by the way.

Their mother believed in feeding them well. She was very proud of them, and used to say that when they got good clothes they would look as well as anybody else. But they had to wait for the good clothes until they were old enough to earn money. In the meantime they had plenty to eat.

There was something very good and wholesome about that Gaelic woman, in all the poverty of her circumstances.

How much religion she taught them was a secret that was never divulged, but she must have taught them something, for they all grew up with good principles, and kept themselves very respectable, though apart from any Church.

Fine big men and women they all were, and, one by one, they went to the city and did well. When the father died they persuaded the

have been. He was with the same firm of skin-dealers for years, before and after conversion, and was highly valued, though without demonstration, for he did work no other men could be got to do.

In the slaughter-house he was a sort of savage king and could manage a bullock single handed, dead or alive. But it was when a bullock broke loose and ran wild that he figured most conspicuously; the chase was always an exciting event in the neighborhood.

The children were all called in out of harm's way. Every gate and door was closed, and the people watched the sport from their windows.

The giant would mount a horse that appeared much too small for him, and ride bare-back. Stirrups were no good to him. His two hairy feet, reaching nearly to the ground, looked as if they never could belong to a real man.

Hatless, coatless, in shirt and trousers, a picture of dishevelment,



Hatless, coatless—a picture of dishevelment—he galloped after the runaway beasts

mother to go and live with them. Only the giant slaughterman was left behind. He was bigger than any of the other sons, but in his early manhood had met with an accident which made him very unhappy and prevented his going forward like the rest.

He had one day jumped from a lorry-load of sheepskins into a heap of ashes which proved to be hot. The soles of his bare feet were fearfully scorched but he had to go on with his work or starve, so the burns were not properly attended to. Thus it was years before he could think of wearing boots, and by that time his feet had grown so large that it was quite impossible to wear a ready-made pair. He therefore wore sheepskins for protection, and slouched about most awkwardly.

Went Down and Down

Of course, he could never go to the city like that. He just had to eat his heart out in the old surroundings, and went down and down, not so much in sin as in dirt and misery. He had nobody at all to care about him.

He knew how to draw a cork out of a bottle, but no one could say that he was ever drunk. He had a good job and meant to keep it, though the wages were not what they ought to

and with a stock-whip that he cracked furiously, he galloped after the run-away beast, and no ancient Highland chief ever looked more savage and invincible.

Raged Worse Than Ever

If there happened to be two or three bullocks out his Gaelic blood raged worse than ever. Breathlessly people waited for some shocking accident to occur, but there never was one, and all were thankful when he got the trunks safely imprisoned.

These exploits were simply regarded as a nuisance, and many hard things were said of the giant slaughterman.

Nothing he did was applauded. He was a disgrace to civilization, a blot on the landscape, shunned by most people, and no doubt he felt it keenly. He was too big, too dirty, and too awkward to have an entrance anywhere but to the public-houses. Otherwise he lived mostly in the open air, and slept in the skin-house for the protection of the property.

The skin-house was next to The Army Hall. There was only one wall between the two places. The giant saw an open door and entered. He had heard the music from the other

side.

After his conversion the Officers advised him to have a pair of boots made to order—a thing he had never thought of. He was to carry The Army Flag at the head of the march, and they wanted him to look nice. That was just what he wanted himself.

Looked Like Small Canoes

The bootmaker was quite proud of the order, and guaranteed a perfect fit. Such big boots! They looked like a pair of small canoes. When they were finished the bootmaker asked that they might be left on show in his window for a few days. No other pair of boots of that size could be seen in all Australia. The window was besieged by sightseers from morning till night. The giant had a new suit made to order, too, and bought a hat.

What strange and bewildering feelings this giant fellow must have had as, head and shoulders above any other man, he struck out at the head of the march with his new boots on. Some said that it was the first pair of boots he had worn in his life.

The Gaelic blood was throbbing furiously. The Saving Grace swept round him gloriously. He was a prince and a leader all at once. And the crowd looked on admiringly, the same crowd that had always held off

before. He had come into his own, and looked immense in more ways than one.

His long strides carried him forward too quickly. Soon he was leaving the comrades far behind, and somebody had to run and check his speed. But it was not long before he knew how far to step out to the music of the Band.

Almost Superhuman Strength

His strength was almost superhuman. With one hand he could lift a man by the back of the trousers and hold him at arm's length—kicking and sprawling helplessly—until he chose to release him. On one occasion he carried a Commissioner round the town on his shoulders as easily as a father would carry a child. It was as good as a ride on an elephant, and caused quite a sensation.

He was a Salvation acrobat in many ways, and immensely enjoyed all the fun he provoked.

He could do everything but speak on the platform. That he hated to do. The drawl of his voice, the attitudes he struck, and the morbid shyness of this big man brought the house down every time, even though

(Continued on page 6)



Vacationist Records Impressions of a "Baby" Corps

It being vacation time the writer in his wanderings found himself at the Windsor No. IV Baby Corps. It is truly a real healthy baby. Most of the work is done in the Open-air. They have Open-airs every week night and, working in a new and growing district with a scattered population, they have to go long distances to the Open-air stands. But that is nothing to these warriors. The Sergeant-Major owns a car and being a Godly, hard-working man he nightly brings it to the little Hall, packs it full to overflowing and goes to the Open-air stand. Another brother sometimes brings his car and picks up the others and so from twelve to fifteen comrades are all ready to start the Open-air. The Band consists of three cornets and a drum. Captain Wade, the Officer in charge plays a cornet. Such trifles as a break down and the missing of one or two bars while they rest their lips does not worry those comrades. The 2nd cornet and the drum keep

on and this adds to the interest. They have some tried warriors who are always ready to speak and sing and keep the interest of the people. They usually have two or more Open-air stands and again the cars do their part, conveying them long distances and the meetings go on until 9.30 and later. The people leave their homes and gather around a hydro pole to listen to the old Story. Many are non-church goers, and this is a fine opportunity for our comrades. The little Hall, seating only forty people is a handicap. But there is a movement on foot to put up a suitable building. Then brighter days will dawn for those hard-working comrades. There were some seventeen comrades at the Sunday night Open-air service which speaks well for the Baby Corps and the writer does not remember meeting a more earnest, aggressive group of Soldiers than he has found here. There is lots of scope for them. God be with them.—S. McD., Chatham.

Two Souls at the Drum-head

An Interesting Episode in an Open-Air Meeting at Montreal

The meeting is almost concluded and Brigadier Burrows is giving out the concluding hymn, a well-known one, that always has a profound and moving appeal on any crowd. The Band is accompanying when the denouement occurs. Colonel Scott steps into the ring. "Half a moment, Brigadier, let me ask if any one in

the historic old Christ's Church Cathedral, and in the presence of probably a lot of our "American cousins," must have made a deep appeal. Montreal is looking up in the soul-saving business for four more souls surrendered on Sunday morning after a searching and moving address on, "The fruits of Holiness."

The Colonel at once attracted the interest and attention of his hearers by humorously observing, "Say, is there anything wrong with me after 45 years of campaigning?" Then, calling the Brigadier to his side he said, "Here is another good-looking veteran." This caught on instantly; the seed was sown for deeper things. Humor and deep appeal catch the crowd by a smile or a joke, then drive home the sword, but heal up the wound.

At night the story of two prospective Officers was strikingly told. Two young men were called to the work. One entered the Training Garrison, one drew back. The scene changes to 17 years after. One Officer is addressing a meeting in an Ontario town, when up the aisle staggers an unkempt, dishevelled, forlorn-looking figure, uttering the words passionately spoken to the Officer, "Bill, do for God's sake, do something for me." Surely it cannot be — so-and-so. Yes, alas, 17 years of dissipation, sin, evil companions have told their tale. Four souls surrendered at night. God bless the Colonel!



the crowd is desirous of having an interest in our prayers. Hand up. Remember life is uncertain and to-night may be the crucial time of your destiny."

Two hands instantly went up, and the appeal was then pressed home to come out and decide at once for Christ and kneel down in the ring.

The drum was pushed out and two human souls (amid a silence poignant with the intense feeling of the crowd) sought and found the Saviour. All kneeling down, such a sight close to

Good News in Tabloid Form

ST. JOHN IV (Captain Show, Lieutenant Berry)—On Sunday, August 11th, the evening meeting was conducted by Ensign Whitehead, of Divisional Headquarters, assisted by Captains Johnson and Dejeet, of the Evangeline Hospital.

TRURO (Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson)—During the week-end of August 3rd and 4th, we had Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman with us, who were stationed here some years ago. The meetings were full of interest and blessing.—Beatrice Cliffe.

AURORA (Ensign E. Clague, Captain A. Clague)—On a recent Sunday we had with us Captain and Mrs. Allen, of Aymer. The Captain spoke and Mrs. Allen sang. On Wednesday, August 7th, we visited the town of Schomberg. Open-

airs were held and much blessing was imparted.—C.A.D.E.

HAMILTON III (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)—On Sunday morning the Field-Major enrolled two comrades, a man and his wife. We also welcomed a Bandman from Scotland, and Brother Owen, from New Glasgow. One young man came forward in the evening service. The late Open-air attracted a large crowd.—A.M.

Staff-Captain Snowden was the "special" at Prescott. Captain W. Payne, Lieutenant N. Smith) on Sunday, August 12th. Special Open-air at Huntsville (Captain and Mrs. Hodgeman).

VETERAN OFFICER OF SISTER TERRITORY CAMPAIGNS

LIPPINCOTT (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)—The Friday night Holiness meeting was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Stratford, of the United States, who are at the present time furloughing in Toronto. The testimonies and songs, along the line of Holiness, were indeed an inspiration and blessing, while the Adjutant's address was enlightening and fraught with much encouragement. The Sunday meetings were conducted by Commandant Carroll, of Winnipeg, and Envoy Alward. The day commenced with a seven o'clock Kneel-drill and throughout the day the comrades rallied well. In the Holiness meeting the Commandant brought a heart-stirring message concerning the Holy Spirit and His work, and to those especially who were finding the road rough, it was a lift heavenward.

In the afternoon the Commandant gave a very instructive and interesting lecture on the late Commissioner J. Lawley and we were again made to feel that the power of God does work miracles in lives entirely given up to His service.

The evening service took the form of a Memorial for the late Sister Mrs. Johnson. There were three representative speakers, namely, her father, Brother Hutton; Young People's Sergeant-Major (Brother) Bugden, and Mrs. Commandant Hillier. Her father said that before his daughter passed away she said to her mother, "Do not worry, all is well." Sister Mrs. Boone sang very feelingly, "My beautiful Home," after which Mrs. Hillier spoke and urged all to prepare for that beautiful Home. The Commandant based his address on "The vacant chair," and his hearers were brought face to face with the fact that after this life come Judgment and Eternity. A red-hot Prayer-meeting ensued which was led alternately by the visiting comrades and two souls found the Saviour, one of whom was the husband of our departed comrade. During the service the Band rendered "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and the Songsters brought their message of comfort in the song, "There is a better world." Our prayers go out on behalf of the sorrowing husband and parents.

On Monday evening again a goodly number gathered to hear Commandant Carroll lecture on the late Jack Stoker. Nor were they disappointed. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the Commandant and Envoy for their services throughout the week-end.—G. Reynolds, Correspondent.

Nurses and Candidates Carry On

WALKERVILLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)—On Sunday, August 11th, in the absence of our Corps Officers, on furlough, our meetings were conducted by the brave farwell of the late Sunday. They also conducted the Soldiers' number of Officers from Grace Hospital. They also conducted the Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday. God blessed their ministry to us, and their efforts were much appreciated. Candidates G. Robinson, G. Munro and A. P. Simister, were in charge of the services on Sunday, August 18th, and they, too, were made a blessing to us. During the evening service of the late Sunday, we had farewell to our Young People's Sergeant-Major Sloderbeck, and his wife and children. We shall miss them, but we wish them God-speed.—Corres. A. P. Simister.

HAMILTON I BAND

will visit
RHODES AVENUE CORPS
Saturday-Sunday, Sept. 7-8th

Watch for further announcements

SPICY NEWS BUDGET

VERDUN (Adjutant and Mrs. Larnan)—We are glad to report that not only is the City of Verdun growing rapidly but the Corps is keeping pace with this growth. Recently the City Council requested that the Band render sacred Festivals on the newly-erected band-stand on the board walk. This has given the Corps a splendid opportunity of reaching hundreds of people on Sunday afternoon. Twelve new Soldiers have been welcomed, and are taking active part. Three of these comrades were recently enrolled by the Corps Officer and nine have been transferred from other Corps. Lieutenant Ashton has been appointed Corps Cadet Guardian. The following comrades have been welcomed: Corps Cadet L. Leinen, from Montreal I; Sister Mrs. Bussey and Junior Soldier Gordon Bussey, from Sydney, N.S.; Brother and Sister Reid and Corps Cadet Maysie from Dildo, Newfoundland; Sister Mrs. Sherwood, from St. John; Young People's Sergeant-Major Bramwell Conley, from Sherbrooke. The Band, Songsters, Home League and Young People's Corps have been augmented by the arrival of these new comrades. Mrs. Commandant Hamilton has been commissioned Home League Treasurer. Brother Hyland, a Soldier of a few weeks' standing and an ex-Bandmaster, has been welcomed with 3bandsman Conley into the Band and both are strengthening the cornet section.

Successful Special Features

SYDNEY, N.S. (Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford)—Sister Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford arrived we have had special features each Monday night for the Young People and we have seen an increase in numbers at each service. On Tuesday nights special open-air services have been held and great crowds of young people have been reached and influenced. On Sunday, August 11th, we had Brigadier and Mrs. Knight with us and God blessed their ministrations. In the Holiness service a backslider returned to the Fold. In the afternoon the Brigadier and his wife gave special attention to the young people and at night, while the Brigadier held on at Sydney, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Adjutant Sanford journeyed to Whitney Pier and conducted the service there. Mrs. Sanford speaking from the Word of God.

THE GIANT SLAUGHTERMAN

(Continued from page 3)

he was telling them the sacred truth that he loved the Lord Jesus Christ and was going to be His Soldier in The Army.

It is no use to disguise the fact that he caricatured the position and was painfully conscious of it.

Became Doorkeeper

Eventually he decided to mind the door. There he could see only the backs of the audience, and it wasn't half so bad to give his testimony from that quarter. He was anxious to give it like the others, for he had a good testimony to give. But he preferred to give it in his own way.

The Officers showed great discretion in handling this broken life. It was sheer misfortune that had brought him to such a miserable condition, yet to the kindness and courtesy served out to him was a surprise to most people. He was treated like one most precious to God, and he grew in grace amazingly.

The townspeople were intensely interested in watching the process of redemption. Even those who could not believe in it felt that they must put no stone in his pathway.

His employer was more pleased than anybody, and although he made no pretension to religion, and could only see the outside reformation, he was very loud in his praise both of The Salvation Army and of his slaughterman. Nothing would please him better than to see the convert stick to The Army. That sort of religion, he declared, was some good.

Eager to Learn

During the early months of his spiritual career the giant presented himself at the Quarters nearly every day to hear what the Officers had to say and to join with them privately in prayer to God for strength and courage to go on. He was very docile, eager to learn, and anxious to work for God.

Like a true Scot he had a fine regard for the collection-box, and many an hour he spent collecting round the Open-air ring. He liked that better than standing still. Very few people cared to refuse him. At first if they did, and added any disagreeable personal remarks, he wouldn't think twice of flattening a new hat with one slap of the box overhead. But that, of course, with many another savage, uncouth tendency, had to be stopped. He received all correction in good part from those who loved him, and, in a few years, was quite a civilized man.

The inner and spiritual awakening produced increasingly fine outward results, and it was a great day when he took his first step into the world beyond those quiet pastures in which he had been born, reared, damaged, and redeemed.

Met a Young Girl

Like a slave liberated he took his first holiday, got on the train, and was soon whirling away to see his relatives in the city. After that trip he continued the visits periodically, and, on one occasion, met a young woman who did not attempt to disguise her genuine admiration for his magnificent person. She, of course, had never seen him before he joined The Army, and thought him a prize well worth winning.

Since his redemption he had saved money and was in a position to keep a wife comfortably. So he proposed marriage, and when he was accepted on the spot he could scarcely believe his good fortune. The dream of his life had been to have a wife and a home of his own, but it was a dream he had hardly thought could be realized.

The marriage took place privately in the city, among his own people, and when he brought his bride home

(Continued on column 4)

CATCHING THE PRESSMAN

With Sanctified Diplomacy She Placed "The War Cry" in Corners Where He Would See It—The Testimony of a Veteran Army Editor Promoted to Glory from Salvation Duty

HE WAS A JOURNALIST by profession, and one of the earliest members of the Institute of Journalists.

Few pressmen are saints; they have manifold temptations, some of which are difficult to resist. The man now in question discovered this to his cost, and ultimate undoing after a long period of worldly success consequent upon patient plod and a ready pen.

He had married a godly maiden, and four bonny children presently did much towards increasing the

light and something akin to conviction seemed to accompany the more careful perusal of article, story, report, and wire, and the study of each telling picture. The whole thing was fascinating, compelling, but it was yet impossible to admit it openly, and yet to express doubts as to its reality. And here the Devil held sway for quite a while.

For sixteen long years the wife had prayed fervently, and claimed by faith the soul of her husband, never doubting, until one night at her pressing invitation, he amusedly

FROM THE ARMY MARCH TO THE GLORYLAND

While marching with the Wickford Corps from the Open-air meeting to The Army Hall on Sunday night, August 4th, Brigadier George Stevens (Retired) was suddenly promoted to Glory.

This veteran editor, who was in his seventy-seventh year, concluded his innumerable contributions to The Army's periodicals in 1927 with the story of his conversion, which we reprint herewith.

brightness of their happy Thames-side home.

Though she was an ardent Church worker, The Salvation Army attracted and won both mother and bairns not long after it had opened fire in the town. The father stoutly opposed, but all to no purpose. The brave little soul refused to abandon her new-found joy, despite every entreaty and threat.

Next to the "Book Divine," "The War Cry" became her meat and drink, but to the husband as "a red rag to a bull," wherever and whenever he set eyes upon its title. Sternly he forbade its entry into the house, but the wife persisted, praying meanwhile "with faith believing." Copy after copy was consigned to the flames, but what of that? It all helped to increase the circulation!

Then followed a period of seeming indifference, in which the better half, with sanctified diplomacy, placed "The War Cry" in convenient corners for prying eyes. The bait took.

First stealthily, then gingerly, then boldly, its pages were opened, its contents scanned and criticized, and its phraseology ridiculed. But the patient wife kept silence.

Closer attention and increased interest followed the delivery of each succeeding copy. Then a glimmer of

what "to see for himself" what an Army meeting was like.

"A farce—a travesty!" was his whispered utterance as the service proceeded, but the tragedy of a lost soul, as depicted by a poor, simple, illiterate lassie-Officer, broke him down utterly, completely, irrevocably, and then it was that, following confession and a full surrender, the Light of Heaven, the faint rays of which had already sought to penetrate that dark, proud heart through the medium of The Army's white-winged messenger, shone in all its splendor, giving light and liberty, and peace and joy, to the glad captulator.

And what then? From secular press to Army Editorial is a big stretch, but he of whom we have written negotiated the gulf of long years ago, with every token of the Divine favor; and now, in life's sweet eve, he rejoices in, and praises God for, all the marvels which he, in the providence of God, had seen and heard, accomplished, both at home and abroad, through the medium of "The War Cry" alone, whilst serving in what he justly regards as perhaps the most useful and important of all The Army's many Departments, and who now signs himself as

G. Stevens, Brigadier.

THE BOY OR THE BOTTLE?

IN CONNECTION with the recent referendum in Verdun on the question of allowing beer to be sold in grocery stores the following letter from Commandant Trickey was published in the Verdun "Free Press":

THE thousands of young men whom I have interviewed during my daily visits at the police courts, as well as at Bordeaux Jail and St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary during five years were in ninety per cent of the cases convicted of crimes through drink, directly or indirectly. Again and again we found that the

BOY has not been arrested for drinking hard stuff but we have heard the old story, "just a little too much beer," and it all started with that first glass. The habit was created by the occasional bottle of beer coming in with the groceries. The boy

OR the girl brought up under such an environment has usually the idea that this beverage is a required food, when, in fact, we know the bottle contains a slow poison which sooner or later "gets" its victim, creating a thirst in so many cases that is almost impossible for the man or boy, woman or girl to overcome.

THE only safe method and that adopted by many thousands of families in our fair city of Verdun is to wholly abstain. If some are determined to have their bottle whether it be purchased from afar or near, regardless of whether rents and other bills are paid or not, then they must continue to see wives and children complain to Social Service officials and Salvation Army Officers for relief, and for advice when non-support, assault and other cases come up in the several courts of Montreal. All this is because of the

BOTTLE and those who earn huge dividends through it. The sad fact is before us that so often while the bread winner is at work there are women and girls, too, who can, without a blush, order with the butter, sugar, and cereals, a dozen or more bottles of this liquid to give them a "kick" and some of us have to spend all our time to mend matters after the kick. On August 6th, we must say by our vote that we want our grocery stores kept for the sale of pure foods and not for a liquid poison for our youths.

Yours truly,
Commandant N. R. Trickey,
Police Court and Probation Officer.

THE GIANT SLAUGHTERMAN

(Continued from column 1)

the townspeople were amazed at the splendid development of a career once so utterly devoid of promise.

Some thought the young stranger too good for him, but she had won a heart of gold and was perfectly satisfied then and ever afterwards.

After the fall of Quebec and the passing of the dominion of the French in this part of the continent, people of Puritan ancestry in Massachusetts resolved to settle by the St. John River. A party of twelve explored in 1761 and a permanent settlement was made the following year.

By 1766 the population was 261 souls. The tent and the altar went together. With the establishment of dwellings came the founding of a church.

Commandant Poole, Corps Officer at Fredericton, recently visited this historic spot and took some photos which he has forwarded to "The War Cry" with the above information, thinking that it would interest our readers.

AN HISTORIC OLD CHURCH

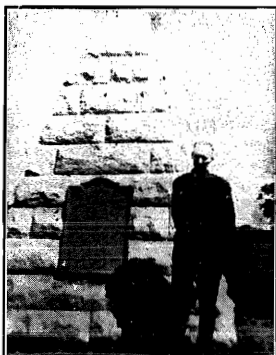
ON THE BANKS of the St. John River, about eighteen miles below Fredericton, stands the oldest Protestant church in the Province of New Brunswick. Close by is a cairn which has been erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of

Canada.

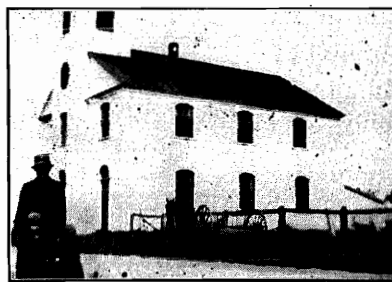
It has a plate on it with the following inscription:

Dedicated to the Memory of Those Puritan Settlers Who came here from New England in 1762 and 1763 and founded the first Congregational Church in New Brunswick's first Protestant Church which has continued until this day.

First Church built 1775, Rebuilt 1840
Entered the United Church of Canada, 1925
Monument Erected 1926



Comdt. Poole standing by the cairn



The old church on the banks of the St. John River

From All Quarters of the Globe

A Survey of Current Thought & Events

WHALES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

IT SEEMS probable that the whale will soon be classed with the dodo, the moa, the roc and other extinct forms of animal life unless international action is promptly taken.

This strange mammal which lives in the sea and is so wrongly thought by the hasty to be a fish, is the latest victim of unrestrained slaughter. The favorable view of the whale's fate depends largely on the vigorous action that may be taken by a strong committee of the American Museum of Natural History, which is rallying to the defence of the monster of the deep.

It will be news to most people that more whales are being killed at the present time than ever before. The number slaughtered annually is believed to reach 30,000. It is not that more ships are whaling, but that the means used leave the whales small chance of escape. Instead of being hunted by men in open boats who depend on a thrown harpoon, the whale is pursued today by swift steamers that fire an explosive harpoon from a cannon. A modern Norwegian whaling-vessel will sometimes kill as many as fifteen whales in a day.

There was a time when whales were plentiful in every sea. Whaling in the Bay of Biscay is the first that is known in history. Now the only waters where they are numerous are those of the Antarctic Ocean, and it is there where they are being most relentlessly pursued.

Nothing but international action will be effective, for each country engaged in the business puts the blame for ungenerous slaughter on the rest. Nor is the protection of the whale easy, for it lives in the open sea, which is free to all, and supervision is difficult. The best check would be a generous agreement to prevent the products of whaling from being landed except under strict regulation.

There are serious scientific reasons why the whale should be preserved. One is that it possesses the secret of living long under water without being poisoned by the gases that are generated in its lungs when it cannot breathe freely. Whales have been known to stay under water for more than an hour without breathing. How do they do it?

If their method of defying for such a length of time the impurities which fresh air alone, as far as we know, can remove could be discovered it might lead to greater safety in mines as well as in submarines.

FISH-TRADE GROWING

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY thousand pounds of processed salmon, the largest shipment yet of fish from Quebec for the European trade, were loaded aboard the Canadian Pacific Railway freighter "Beaverford" recently. The fish will be placed on the British market. Following successive shipments of fifty thousand, seventy-five thousand and a trial shipment of twenty-five thousand pounds, the trade is rapidly increasing, and it is now thought that weekly shipments of at least one hundred thousand pounds will be made. The fish, when deprocessed, cannot be told from the fresh article.

South African Oranges

RANGES from South Africa were offered for sale on the Toronto fruit market recently for the first time, it is said, in the history of the market. Dealers say they are almost equal to the California brand, and as the latter are scarce the South African fruit is in good demand.



A BIG SCOUT JAMBOREE

The Greatest Encampment of Boys the World has ever known

SIXTY THOUSAND husky, clear-eyed Boy Scouts, the best of boyhood from forty different nations and seventy lands, pitched their tents on the great fields of Birkenhead, England, across the Mersey River from Liverpool last month and formed the greatest encampment of boys that the world has ever known. For most of these Boy Scouts, ranging in age from 13 to 18 years, this participation in the World Scout Jamboree of 1929 was a first great adventure. Carrying their own packs, in patrol units of eight Scouts under competent leaders, these boys came from every corner of the world to the encampment at Birkenhead to celebrate the 21st birthday of the Boy Scout Movement and to pay tribute to Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, its founder.

The Scouts who participated in the jamboree are but a small proportion of the 200,000 boys from the forty-two Scouting nations who are actively playing the great game of Scouting and who have adopted the Boy Scouts Oath and Law as their mode of living. On the surface this world-gathering of Scouts would appear to be just a series of games in which these boys of different speaking nationalities are participating, but there is a deeper purpose to it than that. The gathering together of these Scouts from many climes will do much, their leaders believe, toward cementing the relationships of nations and in impressing upon all the part that mutual understanding can have in the promoting and furthering of world peace. Thus the big jamboree will fulfil a most useful purpose.

INCREASES IN THE MARITIMES

THE COMMUNITY apple crop in Nova Scotia this year is estimated at 1,509,000 barrels as compared with 1,080,000 barrels in 1928.

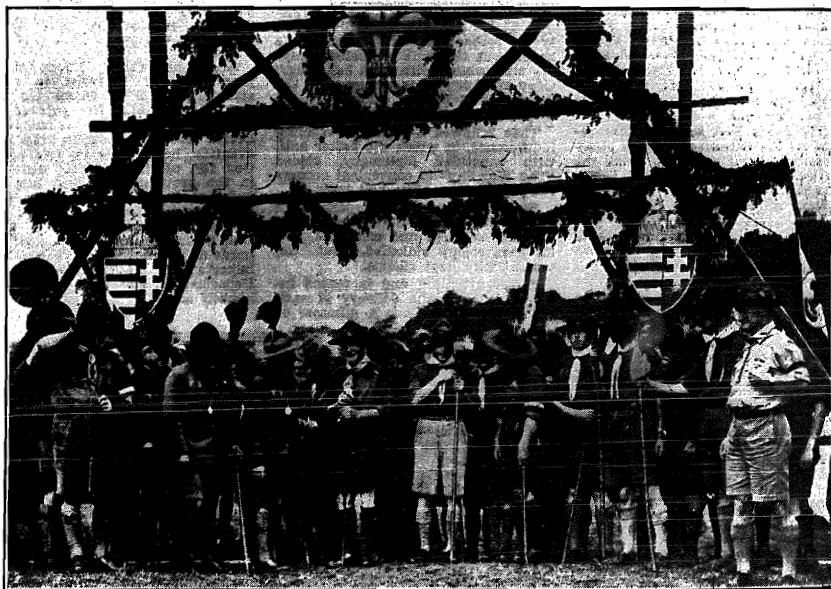
A total of 22,622,984 bushels of grain was shipped out of St. John, N.B. in the first four months of the current year, according to a report of the Harbor Commissioners. This was an increase of nearly 7,000,000 bushels over last year.

The Saint John harbor salmon fishing has been the best in the history of the harbor. The demand has been good and the sales are expected to surpass all previous years.

WHO FOUND AMERICA? Columbus, Leif Ericsson, or an Irishman?

COLUMBUS discovered the New World according to most of the school books; the Vikings discovered it according to other books; the Chinese found it earlier still according to legend.

In a recent debate in the American House of Representatives the Member for North Dakota, where many Scandinavian immigrants live, mentioned Leif Ericsson (1000 A.D.) as the discoverer. But members representing Italian constituencies at once jumped up to repudiate indignantly



The Prince of Wales and Sir Robert Baden-Powell with some of the leaders of the Hungarian Section of the big Scout Camp at Birkenhead, England

The Useful Dragon-Fly

ONE OF THE most useful of insects is, owing to the ignorance of the public, forever being killed, says a writer in "The King's Own." It is known as the dragon-fly, the needle-case and the devil's darning-needle. In its larval state it subsists almost entirely on those small, squirming threads which may be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into the sweet-singing mosquito. As soon as the dragon-fly leaves its watery nursing-

ground, it climbs some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away. It is helping man again. Its quarry now is the fly.

Not long ago, an observer saw one of these insects knocked down in a verandah, where it had been doing yeoman's service. The children and women seemed delighted.

When the observer took the insect up, there was general wonderment, which was increased when a captured fly was eaten by it.

explorers of whom they had never heard. Columbus (1402) was their man.

Then arose the Irish members, strong always for tradition, with a claim for an Irish navigator of the glorious days of the sixth century, when Feargus and his brother Daniel jointly reigned in Ireland.

The House of Representatives, rather hazy about Irish history, settled the question by peacefully agreeing to vote \$50,000 for a statue to Leif Ericsson in discharge of all claims.



Under The Army Flag



IN THE HEART

OF VENDALAND

Commissioner de Groot Opens New Hall and Dispensary in William Eadie Settlement—A Local Chief's Gratitude—Twenty-Six Seekers

ACCOMPANIED by Colonel Clark, active Secretary for Native Work, Commissioner de Groot, of South Africa, recently arrived in Sibasa after a long and trying journey by train and motor-bus, was introduced to the Assistant Native Commissioner, Mr. Westman, and taken the final ten miles to William Eadie Settlement, which is situated in the heart of Vandaland.

Visiting the Kraals

The following day the Commissioner, accompanied by Adjutant Ellis, the District Officer, visiting by mule-cart all the kraals in the immediate neighborhood, including that of Chief Tekalane, who was delighted and invited the Army leader to visit the kraal again. The Chief promised to assist the Army in every way within his power, and offered to send the Adjutant two cows and their calves, so that he and his family could have some milk—a commodity which the Adjutant had been without for eight months.

The outstanding event of the campaign was the opening of a fine, large well-furnished Hall and Dispensary. Already the Dispensary is well-known in the district, and the Natives come for many miles around and bring their sick for treatment.

A Sick Induna

During Commissioner de Groot's stay the Chief sent one of his Indunas who has been sick for many years. The man was in such a state that the Adjutant did not know what to do, and suggested that he should go to hospital. However, he gave him some medicine, and two days later the man sent for more; happily, the medicine having considerably helped his condition.

Between six and seven hundred people were present at the opening, and as most of them had never before attended a religious service and did not know how to conduct themselves, it was very difficult to maintain order. The people first gathered outside the Hall where Colonel Clark explained to them the purpose for which this fine building had been erected. Then the Commissioner spoke, dedicating the Hall to God and declaring the building open.

What a sight! What an upsurge! The people simply surged in and did not know how and where to sit. Some faced the doors, others the platform, and more than half could not obtain admittance, notwithstanding the fact that those who did so were seated on the forms, between the forms and in the windows.

A Memorable Day

After the meeting the people were seated in groups on the grass; boys, girls, women, and men. The Chiefs and their Indunas sat by themselves. When all were seated, Adjutant Mashau, assisted by other Officers, served food. The people of this district will remember this day for many years to come!

On Sunday the Commissioner led meetings where were seasons of rich blessing. Twenty-six seekers knelt at the mercy-seat. J. A. in the South African War Cry.

LT.-COMMISSIONER AND MRS. TURNER Given a Warm Send-Off from the Argentine Capital

A SPECIAL demonstration was given by the South American comrades to their departing leaders, Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner who have been in charge of the Territory for a little over three years. Although three years is not a long time, nevertheless, Commissioner Turner accomplished in that short period wonderful work. Both he and Mrs. Turner have won the hearts of the South American Salvationists as was very feelingly expressed in a private gathering which took place at the Territorial Headquarters one or two days previous to their final farewell meeting. One of the comrades voiced the feelings of the Territory when he said: "The short time you have spent in our midst will have been sufficient to make you see that our souls are in their affections as ardent as the shining sun that

missioner, his love for work, his great vision of opportunities awaiting The Army in this land, etc., and thanking him and Mrs. Turner for all, he concluded by saying: "You go with our blessing, go and do the same wherever the General has appointed you."

Commissioner Turner was greeted with warm applause in real Salvation Army fashion. He expressed his hopes that The Army in South America will continue its development and he endeavored to inspire his comrades with the same vision he had of The Army's future in this land. During the Commissioner's short command he has had the pleasure of seeing the erection of the Central Building for the Territory where the Headquarters is situated as well as the Central Corps and the Divisional Office. He has also built eight other buildings, seven of which



Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner (in centre of group) about to embark for England at Buenos Ayres

goldens our Pampas and melts the snow of our mountains in the summer-time."

The final public farewell meeting took place at the well-known Mariano Moreno Hall, which is one of the largest in the Argentine Capital.

An enrolment of Junior Soldiers, Recruits and Senior Soldiers was a feature of this gathering. The Commissioner seemed delighted to perform this as one of his last acts in the Territory. Following this the Band was presented with a set of new silver-plated instruments.

Lieut.-Colonel Allemand, the Chief Secretary, expressed his admiration for the untiring activity of the Com-

missioner, his love for work, his great vision of opportunities awaiting The Army in this land, etc., and thanking him and Mrs. Turner for all, he concluded by saying: "You go with our blessing, go and do the same wherever the General has appointed you."

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Salvation Scenes in Hyde Park

IN SPITE of the noise with which the Salvationists at the Hyde Park (London, England), open-air meetings are usually surrounded, the work is making remarkable progress, and sin-burdened, troubled men and women continue to seek and find God. During the past week further wonderful scenes have been witnessed.

On Wednesday last (says Colonel Anker Deans) we led a wonderful meeting, and one which greatly encouraged our regular Hyde Park workers. A girl, in full Army uniform, who is now a Soldier at Woodford, sang and testified and also told the people that she had come there

to give thanks to God, because twelve months ago that very night she got converted on our mat in the park. Following her testimony; and those of half a dozen other converts, a woman sought Salvation.

After the meeting, as I was walking across the park to go home, a young man, who confessed that he had been strangely influenced by the meeting, said he wanted to be saved. And under the shadow of the gates, whilst the motors were passing to and fro, we had a Prayer-meeting and he got blessedly saved and went away rejoicing and saying he was going to fight for God.

THE IDOL'S HEAD

Chinese Captain Seizes Opportunity to Show Impotence of Gods Made With Hands

A VERY INTERESTING REPORT appears in the "Cruzeiro" from Captain Kao Tao Ping, the Corps Officer at T'anku in which he refers to the activities, carried on by the local headquarters of the Kao Ming Tang against idol worship and other superstitious rites.

Being present when this idol smashing was in progress, the Captain managed to secure one of the decapitated heads. Seized with an inspiration, he put this on a pole and marched through the streets of the town, a great crowd following. These he led into The Army Hall, where he strove to impress the people of the utter impotence of gods made with hands, showing them at the same time a new and living way. After he had finished, five men came to the front and knelt down in acknowledgment of their desire to serve the living God.

While the iconoclastic measures taken by the local authorities in many towns and villages against idol worship are not to be taken as Christian, yet it does point to a general tendency of the people to cast aside their former superstitions. Whether this may be taken as a genuine and lasting desire of the people or only a passing phase brought about by the enthusiasm of a few, remains to be seen. Whatever the case may be, the situation must present to all earnest Christians a call to demonstrate in word and deed the true and living God as revealed in Jesus Christ.

AN UGLY PAPER GOD

Army Officer Explains to Incense Burners the Futility of their Prayers

ACCORDING to reports from Tsinanin, China, Captain Rodditt is enjoying her field experience, to the full. She writes: "When visiting with Ensign Wang the other day, on entering the home of one of the South Corps Juniors, we found the mother just in the act of burning incense and worshipping the household god. I wish you could have seen her face as the Ensign explained to her that the ugly paper god which was posted on the wall, could not see her or hear her prayers. Other women on the compound then came crowding in, and although they say this very often happens when visiting, I am sure a more truly interested little crowd of women never listened to the Gospel than those women did that morning. The memory of the eagerness of their questions and the earnestness with which they framed a little prayer to the True God, will ever live with me."

FINNISH COUNCIL SHOWS

APPRECIATION OF ARMY

A sign of the great appreciation of Salvation Army Work is that the Helsingfors Town Government have given free a site for the erection of the suggested Central Social Building. This means a gift of about two million Finnish marks. When we take into consideration that many Socialists and even Communists are among the members of the Town Council, this is a great victory for The Army. The site was dedicated during the recent Congress.



Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada East - Newfoundland
International Headquarters,
London, England

**Territorial Commander,
COMMISSIONER WILLIAM
MAXWELL.**

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

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ada, for twelve months for the sum of
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All Editorial communications should be
addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

Harvest Festival

Staff and Field Officers are re-
quested to observe that Harvest
Festival celebrations should be held
at every Corps throughout the
Canada East Territory during the
week-ends of September 14th to
16th, and September 21st to 23rd.

The date upon which Corps con-
duct their Harvest Festivals will be
decided by the Divisional Com-
mander.

William Maxwell

Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

Appointments—

MAJOR C. SPARKS, to be Assistant
Territorial Young People's Secretary.
MAJOR NOAH PITCHER, to be General
Secretary, Newfoundland.

Staff-Captain George Wilson, to be Pri-
vate Secretary to the Commissioner.
Staff-Captain John Ritchie, to be Second
in Charge, Subscribers' and Special
Efforts' Department.

Staff-Captain John Wright, to be Di-
visional Young People's Secretary,
Toronto West.

Staff-Captain Nellie Richards, to be
Divisional Young People's Secretary,
Ottawa Division.

Commandant J. Galway, to be Divisional
Young People's Secretary, London Di-
vision.

Adjutant R. McBain, to be Divisional
Young People's Secretary, Toronto
East.

Captain Alex. Mann, to Dartmouth, N.S.

William Maxwell

Territorial Commander.

THE EDITOR RECEIVES FAREWELL ORDERS

It was Press Day. The printers
were yelling for the last page of
"The War Cry."

"Three inches of space on this page
to fill," said the Editor to the sub-
"whatever can we put in it? Can't
you think of some news?" The sub
racked his brains to try and think up
some suitable items, but everything
seemed to have been covered. Not
another solitary bit of news was to
be had.

"I wish something would happen,"
said the Editor, "somebody get fare-
well orders, or something like that."
Just then the phone rang. "The
Commissioner wants to see the
Editor," said a voice.

Territorial Commander to Editor.
"I have just received a cable from
the General saying that you are to
farewell and proceed to New Zealand
as Editor in Chief."

"Just the item I have been looking
for to fill that three inches. Thank
you, sir." And ye Editor hurried off
to write this item for the waiting
printers.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Salvation Army following Good Scriptural Pre-
cedent—A Great Opportunity to Acknowledge
the Divine Bounty and to Press Home the Claims
of God upon the Ungodly

ONCE AGAIN we are drawing near to the season of the year
when the Harvest Festival will be held in every Corps through-
out the Canada East Territory.

In the celebration of its Harvest Festivals year by year The Sal-
vation Army, with other religious organizations, follows a good
Scriptural precedent inasmuch as the three great Hebrew feasts, as
observed according to the Law of Moses—the Passover, the Feast
of Tabernacles and Pentecost (especially the last-named, which was
the harvest feast, on which occasion the grain tribute was offered)—
were in reality all thanksgiving festivals, designed to foster and en-
courage the spirit of gratitude to God, and were inaugurated at the
Divine command, to give that spirit its fullest possible expression.
Ever since those earliest times it has always been a good thing to
recognize and acknowledge the Divine bounty and to render thanks
to God for it.

Important Spiritual Lessons

Another reason why the celebration of Harvest Festivals in
connection with evangelistic effort is good and ought to be continued
is because of the unique opportunities they afford of pressing home
the claims of God upon the consciences of the ungodly and religiously
indifferent. There is scarcely an operation connected with the agri-
cultural industry or with the development of plant life which may
not be made to convey an important spiritual lesson when wisely
employed under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Christ Himself was
fully awake to this fact, and, in various ways, utilized the every-day
operations of the Hebrew farmer and vine-dresser, making them
serve as illustrations of the most powerful and vital truths He desired
to teach.

Let us make the most, therefore, of the season of harvest to
direct the thoughts and hearts of people to God in gratitude for His
blessings and mercies; also to awaken many to a realization of the
truth that "as a man soweth so shall he also reap."

In observing the Harvest Festival we acknowledge our recog-
nition of two eternal principles—thanksgiving to God and aiding the
poor. It is the bounden duty of everyone who believes in God thus
to honor Him.

Fulfilling the Commands of God

The Salvation Army Harvest Festival forms an admirable means
of fulfilling the commands of God, inasmuch as the proceeds are for
the maintenance of the spiritual work of The Army, and rendering
temporal assistance to the poor.

Will every reader of "The War Cry" resolve to "give as he is
able, according to the blessing of the Lord?"

"For harvest fields of golden grain,
For luscious fruits o'er hill and plain,
For peace and plenty in our land—
The gracious gifts from God's good hand

Oh, let us all in true accord,
With hearts and voices praise the Lord,
While lives of gratitude we live,
And show our thanks by what we give."

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

Installs Toronto East's New Divisional Young People's Secretary
at Yorkville

A hearty welcome was given to Toronto East's new Divisional
Young People's Secretary and Mrs. McBain at Yorkville, on
Thursday, August 16th.

Preceding the meeting the Officers of the Division had the
pleasure of sitting down with Adjutant and Mrs. McBain at well
provided tables. After the meal some real good singing was enjoyed,
and Adjutant Falle, who has recently been promoted, spoke a few
words of welcome on behalf of the men Officers. Adjutant Davies,
of Todmorden, in a very able way, represented the women Officers.
Major Ritchie, the Divisional Commander, extended a warm welcome
into the Division.

At night the public welcome was conducted by the Chief Sec-
retary and Mrs. Henry. A splendid crowd assembled, and from start
to finish there was not a dull moment. Major Ritchie was the first
called upon to give a few words of greeting; the other speakers were
Mrs. Major Ritchie, Commandant Carroll, of Winnipeg, and Adjutant
Bond, of Rhodes Avenue. Colonel Henry, in his characteristic and
able manner offered the new Divisional Young People's Secretary
some excellent advice and extended also a warm welcome. Music
was provided by the Yorkville Band and Songsters.

ENVOY W. A. HAWLEY A TRIBUTE

By Colonel Gideon Miller, Chief
Secretary, Canada West

Envoy Hawley was one of our best-
known and beloved Local Officers in
Canada. In his home town, Char-
lottetown, P.E.I., as well as in Cal-
gary, he was an ideal Local. He was
like a city set on a hill. His life of
righteousness could not be hid, but,
like a burning, shining light it sent
forth its rays helping and guiding
those groping their way in darkness,
into the light of liberty.

He was a man with an influence.
His example as a Christian and Local
Officer was such that demanded re-
spect, and saint and sinner looked up
to him. He was not only a born
leader, but he possessed a sweet soul.
Young people confided in him, and he
dearly loved his work among them,
and a great many are Officers in the



Envoy Hawley

Field to-day whose lives were touched
and brought into obedience to the
Heavenly Vision by this great instru-
ment of good.

He was a worker and organizer.
Long before we had organized Sing-
ing Brigades in The Army he had a
great Singing Company in Charlot-
tewtown. I remember well their singing
qualities on a visit I made to that
Corps in 1897. He was a strength
to his Officers, and faithful in Corps
duties, not only giving his time and
special musical talent, but was gener-
ous in the financial support of our
work.

He was original. Many of us re-
member his noted Christmas cards in
this respect—full of new thoughts
and ideas.

He made himself famous as a com-
poser of music and song. He was, no
doubt, our greatest Canadian com-
poser in Army circles, and those songs
so full of life and spirit are not only
well-known throughout our Dominion,
but have found their way over the
seas, taking inspiration and blessing
to the people in the uttermost parts
of the earth.

Though our comrade is dead, he
still speaketh. Such songs live on,
and cannot help but be productive of
much good. "Four hundred and ninety
times He will forgive thee," has
raised the hopes in many a troubled
heart.

When in Calgary about a year ago
I found my old friend and comrade
had retired, because of ill-health, and
made it my business to call and see
him. I found him absorbed in music
and song, and, although he manifest-
ed signs of weakness of the outer
man, yet in our conversation one
could not help get the feeling that the
inner life was being renewed in
strength.

With his faithful companion, Mrs.
Hawley, there was a fragrance from
their neat cottage home which can
not be forgotten.

Heaven is all the richer, and this
world the poorer because of the pass-
ing of Envoy (Professor) Hawley.
We pray that his death may be a
call to someone with God-given
talents to dedicate their life for
service.

THE COMMISSIONER

APPOINTED TERRITORIAL COMMANDER FOR AUSTRALIA EAST

A cable from the General has been received by the Commissioner informing him that he has been appointed Territorial Commander for Australia East, succeeding Commissioner Sowton. His Headquarters will be at Sydney. Ensign Ethel Maxwell will accompany her parents to their new command.

The Eastern Australian Territory embraces the states of New South Wales and Queensland, in which there are more than 600 Corps, Outposts and Societies, and over 800 Officers.

The varied branches of Social Work for needy men, women and children, are of the highest value to the community.

We are sure that Canadian Salvationists and friends will congratulate the Commissioner on his appointment, and wish him every success and blessing.

INTERNATIONAL PARS

There is keen anticipation among the Officers of the Women's Social Work in Great Britain, regarding their Annual Councils, which will take place at Swanwick in September. The Chief of the Staff, accompanied by Mrs. Mapp, will be leading the afternoon and night Sessions on Sundays, September 15th and 22nd, while Commissioner Catherine Booth will conduct the other gatherings.

For many years interested in the work of The Army, the Right Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., affectionately known as the "Father of the House of Commons," last week listened with great interest to Commissioner Unsworth's accounts of recent progress. The veteran journalist evidenced the greatest interest in the work among the Criminal Tribes of India.

After bidding farewell to the party of 140 migrants to Australia, under The Army's care, who left Liverpool on S.S. *Baradine*, Commissioner Lamb, International Social Secretary, and Lieut.-Commissioner Turner, the new Director of Migration, conducted meetings in Liverpool, the former spending Sunday at Social Institutions and the latter at Corps.

Lt.-Commissioner Friedrich, whose appointment to the command of the German Territory was announced last week, is the first German Officer to command The Army's forces in the Fatherland.

With Lt.-Commr. Turner, when he arrived in London last week from Buenos Ayres, were two Candidates who hope to take part in the opening Session at the William Booth Memorial Training College, which is shortly to begin. Candidate Doris Altemand is the daughter of the Chief Secretary for the Territory the Commissioner has just left, and Candidate Alice Palaci is the daughter of "The War Cry" Editor for the South America (East) Territory.

Lt.-Colonel Evan Smith, National Young People's Secretary for Great Britain, represented The Army, and Staff-Captain A. R. Wiggins, of International Headquarters, and Staff-Captain Hugo Price, of British National Headquarters, were invited to represent the Life-Saving Scout Movement of The Army at the World Jamboree, held at Birkenhead in connection with the coming-of-age of the Boy Scout Movement, and were greatly impressed with what they saw there.

GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS

AN OUTLINE OF THE MAIN EVENTS OF THEIR CANADIAN CAMPAIGN

BY THE TIME this issue of "The War Cry" is in the hands of our readers our beloved General and his wife, accompanied by Colonel Pugmire and Major F. Taylor, will be on the water speeding towards Canada. A most hearty welcome awaits them at all the centres they are announced to visit.

According to arrangements the General and Mrs. Higgins will embark at Southampton on the "Empress of Australia," on Saturday, August 24th, and are due to arrive at Quebec on Friday, August 30th.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell will meet the boat at Quebec and journey with the General to St. John, N.B., where the first meetings of our Leader's Canadian Campaign are to be held.

The Opera House has been secured in this city for the Sunday's engagements, which include a Holiness meeting, a lecture and a Salvation meeting.

The Hon. J. M. B. Baxter, Premier of New Brunswick, will preside over the afternoon gathering, when the General will deliver a lecture, entitled "Seventy Nations—One Flag."

On Monday the General will be welcomed at Halifax, at a meeting in St. Andrew's Church, over which the Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, will preside.

The Newfoundland Congress, to be held in St. John's, from Thursday, September 5th, to Monday, September 9th, will next claim the General's attention.

A Government Reception has been planned for Thursday afternoon, and a great public welcome meeting at night, over both of which functions the Hon. Tasker Cook, Deputy Prime Minister, will preside.

Officers' Councils will occupy Friday and Monday. On Saturday afternoon there will be a Spectacular Parade through the streets of St. John's, and at night the General will address an assembly of Soldiers and adherents.

Sunday will be a day of days to Newfoundland Salvationists, for three meetings will be conducted by the General.

Sir John Middleton, the Governor of Newfoundland, is announced to be present and speak at the afternoon gathering.

The General will then proceed to Western Canada, visiting Fort William, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon, before conducting the Congress at Winnipeg, from Thursday, September 25th, to Tuesday, October 1st.

He then returns to this Territory and will be at Hamilton on Friday, October 4th, where a Civic Reception will be accorded him in the morning. A public welcome meeting will be held in the Memorial School Auditorium at night, with General S. C. Mewburn, presiding.

London will be the next centre to be visited, and here the General will spend a Sunday, conducting meetings in Loew's Theatre. Senator E. S. Little will preside at the afternoon gathering.

Montreal will be visited on Tuesday, October 8th, the meeting being held in St. James' Church, with the Hon. F. Carrel, Lt.-Governor of Quebec, presiding, supported by Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec. There will also be a Civic Reception.

At Ottawa, on Wednesday, October 9th, the General will be accorded a Civic Reception. The Hon. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, will preside at the meeting in the Dominion Church, and His Excellency Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General, has signified his intention of being present.

Then will come the Congress at Toronto, from Friday, October 11th, to Wednesday, October 16th.

A Spectacular Demonstration, entitled "The Salvation Army Encircling the Globe," will be given in the Arena on Friday night.

On Saturday, at 3 p.m., a Civic Reception will be accorded the General at the City Hall by Mayor McBride and the City Council. This will be preceded by a great march of visiting Officers and local Salvation Army forces from the Armories.

A wreath will be laid at the Cenotaph by the General. At night the General will address an assembly of Soldiers and adherents in the Massey Hall.

Meetings will be held in the Massey Hall and the Pantages Theatre on Sunday. In the afternoon the General will deliver a lecture, entitled "An Empire of Salvation." His Honor W. D. Ross, Lt.-Governor of Ontario, will preside over this gathering, supported by many prominent citizens.

On Monday the General will address the Canadian and Empire Clubs, and at night will preside at a great Musical Festival in the Massey Hall.

Pray for an outpouring of the Spirit upon all these important gatherings, and pray that God may uphold the General and Mrs. Higgins, and make their Canadian Campaign a mighty influence for righteousness and Salvation to the people.

HADLEIGH LAND COLONY

Change in Governorship

We deeply regret to announce (says the British "War Cry") that an unexpected and serious breakdown in the health of Mrs. Colonel Sutor has made it necessary for the Colonel to be relieved of his new appointment as Governor of the Hadleigh Land and Industrial Colony in order that he may accompany Mrs. Sutor back to Australia. It was hoped that medical skill and other aid would have overcome the difficulty, but unfortunately the illness has not yielded to treatment, and the General has been compelled to take this step. The Colonel had taken up his new appointment with great vigor and there was every indication of his rendering splendid service at Hadleigh.

With this announcement comes the news that the General has appointed Commissioner Allister Smith to be Governor of the Hadleigh Land and Industrial Colony. The Commissioner has had a wide experience of dealing with people of all kinds, and during his many years in South Africa he had close connection with The Army's Farming Operations there.

We pray that Mrs. Colonel Sutor may soon be restored to health and that blessing may rest upon the Colonel and her, as well as upon Commissioner and Mrs. Smith as they enter their new sphere of labor.

AGED SONG-WRITER

Cheered and Blessed in Last Days by Visits of Army Officers

The Army's Officers, in the course of their visitations, are often privileged to meet and bless unusually interesting people. Adjutant M. K. Parker, of Oak Forest, Illinois, has described to the Editor of an American "War Cry" how he met a well-known song-writer of international reputation.

"When visiting the County Infirmary I was especially attracted to an old lady of about seventy years of age, who seemed to be much above the average in culture and intelligence," says the Adjutant. "Inquiry revealed the fact that she was Miss Mary Servoss, at one time prominent among the Christian Temperance Workers of America.

"She had been one of the editors and compilers of 'The Temperance Light,' which is said to have been one of the best books for temperance workers ever published.

"Hundreds of her hymns have been included in thirty-five hymn collections. The song, 'He will hide me,' which has been sung all over the world, was one of her compositions.

"I visited her regularly. She often testified to the fact that in all her troubles she had never lost faith in God, and frequently joined in the song which I was in the habit of singing to the fifty patients in this ward.

"Since she passed away it has been a joy for me to remember that I was led by God to bring some little happiness and companionship to one who, although forgotten by the world, was nevertheless one of His saints."

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS

The name of Commandant William Carroll, retired, of Canada West, is a familiar word to ex-service men, who remember his energetic and gracious efforts on their behalf during the World War. His present, therefore, in this part of the country, where he is holidaying, is welcome. The Commandant put in a strenuous day for the Lord at Danforth on Sunday, August 11th.

Captain and Mrs. Jensen, of Cobalt, welcomed a baby girl to their home on Sunday, August 4th.

We are informed that Adjutant and Mrs. Ashby left England for Accra, West Africa, on August 14th, per the S.S. "Apsara."



Beth's Call-

The Life-story of a Canadian Woman Officer

CHAPTER IX

Elizabeth Gets to Toronto

ELIZABETH WAITED very impatiently for the reply to her letter which she hoped would lead her to a place in Toronto where she might tide herself over the present emergency, and while she waited in this quiet haven with the sweet old lady who was befriending her she had ample time to talk matters over with her and also to think and pray. She greatly needed help and guidance and continually asked God to lead her aright.

"You see," she explained to the old lady, "God has said in Holy Writ that children are to obey their parents. Paul says in Eph. 6: 1, that we are to obey the Lord, and yet again Paul says in Col. 3: 20 to obey in all things."

"But, of course," replied the old lady, "that would not imply that we would obey to do aught that would be wrong. The 'all things' does not include anything which would break God's laws."

"No," assented Elizabeth, and there was silence for a time. Elizabeth broke it by asking:

"What do you think the Lord meant when He said He came not to send peace on earth but a sword?"

"Get the Word of God and we'll read it," said her friend.

Reached for the Bible

She reached for the Bible and turning over the pages read from Matt. 10: 34-39, "for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me."

Reverently they read the remarkable words together. Then Elizabeth said slowly and guardedly, "I believe, Mrs. Morrison, that the Lord Jesus calls me to follow Him in The Salvation Army. I love The Army, not because of any foolish infatuation but because they seem to be out and out for God. They love souls. They teach holiness of heart and life and they accept the poor, the degraded, the so-called 'low people.' In their humility they appeal to me."

Mrs. Morrison nodded her agreement. Thus encouraged Elizabeth proceeded. "Years ago my father's mother was much comforted in her troubles by the Methodists, although she was an Anglican. Then before I was born my father was converted in the Methodist Church and did not think he did wrong to throw in his lot with the Methodist people who had helped him. I, his daughter, likewise am led to Jesus Christ in a Salvation Army meeting. Do I sit against God to feel drawn toward that people and led to fight for God and souls in its ranks and 'neath its banner'?"

An Unusual Course

Mrs. Morrison did not answer at once. So much was involved in the problem and the authority of parents could not lightly be thrown aside. Finally she replied in the following strain: "Your case, Elizabeth, is out of the ordinary. As far as I can see and understand you are perfectly sin-

cere and have not wilfully done wrong, and if we are patient God will bring you out into a large place. By the way, when did you write last to your mother?"

"Yesterday. Don't you remember I took the letter over to the Captain and asked him to mail it for me?"

When later in the evening Elizabeth stole over to the quarters, the long-looked-for letter from Toronto had arrived. In feverish haste she tore it open and read it. It was carefully and wisely written, and stated that if Elizabeth was yet of the same mind and wished to come to Toronto, they had a situation in view for her. Part of her first month's pay was enclosed to buy her railroad ticket. Also if she let them know by what train she would arrive, she would be met and escorted to her situation. Elizabeth read it to her friends and then thankfully carried it home and read it to Mrs. Morrison. That lady appeared satisfied that the young girl was in

some of the friends I knew there." The conversation thus opened in a few minutes took an unexpected turn when the gentleman addressed cautiously asked her a question. To Elizabeth it seemed that he had some knowledge of her and she, becoming embarrassed, abruptly terminated the conversation and retired to her seat.

Worthy Christian Characters

After three hours' travel the great, snorting train from the north steamed into the frost bound station at Toronto. A biting wind was blowing and the steam, as it cooled, froze and looked like white fleecy clouds brooding beneath the smoky rafters. Few people were on the platform, but with intense relief Elizabeth observed her friend standing with her husband awaiting her. Elizabeth bowed her acknowledgments to the minister to whom she had spoken lifted his hat and bade her good-bye. She thought



Three clergymen sat across from her

good hands at any rate, and she knew that as far as The Army was concerned, seeing they had not sought the trouble of piloting Elizabeth in this crisis in her life, they would do for her all that a mother or father could ask.

Bade Her Friends Adieu

It was a bitter cold Winter afternoon when Elizabeth boarded the train for Toronto. With sincere affection and regret she bade her friends in O— farewell. They had been exceedingly kind to her. Mrs. Morrison and she never again met on earth, and it was many years ere she met again the Officers and the few friends she had made there. The darkness soon came on and there was little to do save to observe her fellow passengers. There were three gentlemen who sat across from her. They were clothed as clergymen and Elizabeth gleaned that they had been quite recently to a convention in her home town. She could not resist the temptation to address herself to the one nearest to her to learn news of home, not expecting to receive more than general information, but anything would gratify the irascible homesick longing which at times possessed her. In a dignified way she went to him and said, "I couldn't help overhearing you speak of Barrie and of the church there. I have some knowledge of the place. I used to live there. I wonder if you know

he, too, was relieved when he observed her taken in charge by her friends and she was grateful for this concern on her behalf. Soon she found herself on a street car passing through the brightly lighted city and then in the home and being introduced to Mrs. Evans who was employing her. It was an exquisitely clean little home and both Mr. and Mrs. Evans proved to be worthy Christian characters. Elizabeth very earnestly knelt and thanked God her Father for His care of her thus far and the opening up of her way. It was true she did not feel settled. Home was near and dear to her and her thoughts continually reverted to the loved ones there, but she was satisfied to wait God's time for her happy return, whenever that might be.

She had not been more than three days in her new home when, one morning Mrs. Evans on answering the ring at the door, ushered in two visitors. She then came into the tiny kitchen and informed Elizabeth that the visitors were hers and she was to come into the sitting room. Her heart beat nervously and though outwardly calm, she was anxious. When she entered she saw her own dear mother with a gentleman whom she had not seen before awaiting her. Her mother greeted her coldly. She, too, labored under intense excitement and anxiety and Mrs. Evans introduced to Elizabeth the gentleman, calling him by his official title, De-

tective Johns, of the city police force. However, the detective soon dispelled her fears as he took the lead of the conversation and showed himself to be a fine Christian character. He made some enquiries of Mrs. Evans relative to Elizabeth, and seemed relieved to find the matter was not as serious as he had at first been led to believe. Then he asked the girl herself some questions after which he addressed Mrs. Adams as follows:

A Well-Respected Organization

"Perhaps, Mrs. Adams, you do not know that in Toronto The Salvation Army is well respected, as they have really done a great work here, and some most respectable families have connected themselves with The Army. For instance, one Sunday morning as The Army conducted their meeting upon the street, a judge with his wife and daughter passed on their way to church. The daughter left her parents' side and meekly knelt at the side of the Salvationists and from that hour has been a member of the Organization. The Army people are not an unworthy class of people."

Turning to Elizabeth he said, "I would advise you to return home with your mother, as you are rather young to be away from home."

"But," Elizabeth objected, "if my parents will not agree to me attending The Army meetings —" She left the question unfinished. He did not reply directly to her, but addressing Mrs. Adams said:

"Mrs. Adams, you are quite safe in trusting your daughter with The Army."

Reaching for his hat he bowed himself out of the room, but paused at the front door and said in a low tone to Mrs. Evans, who held the door open, "Pray with them. Do your best for them," and Mrs. Evans replied, "I will, sir."

God Did Not Fail

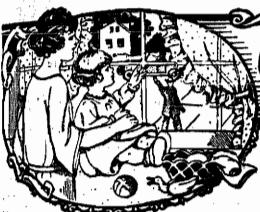
When she returned to the sitting room where Elizabeth and her mother sat in awkward silence, Mrs. Evans suggested that they have some prayer together. Mrs. Adams arose to her feet saying stiffly, "It is not necessary," and pushing by her she passed out of the room, out of the front door and walked swiftly down the street. Elizabeth's heart was breaking. She ran after her mother and called after her, "Mother, where are you going?" But Mrs. Adams neither answered nor turned back, and Elizabeth closed the door behind her and fled upstairs to her room and sobbing threw herself down on the carpet beside her bed. She wept hysterically for some time but gradually the tempest calmed and she became quiet enough to pray. God's Spirit comforted her and as long she felt she could wait and trust. Surely God had been in the interview. He had not failed her.

On the following day she went to the nearest Corps to assist the Cadets in cleaning up the Hall. It was an all-day task to which she had previously committed herself. When she returned in the evening she learned that Mrs. Adams had again called but had not come in when she found her daughter was not at home. She left no word, and so Elizabeth waited in vain for her return. The days passed slowly and she concluded her mother must surely have returned home again.

(To be continued)

OTTAWA I. (Adjutant and Mrs. Hart) — Ottawa I. had a rare treat this last week-end in the form of a visit from Colonel Thomas Scott (R.), of San Francisco. Saturday night we held our usual open-air service and the Colonel spoke in such a manner that conviction was strong upon many who stood around the ring. Five comrades claimed the Blessing at the close of the Holiness meeting.

In the afternoon a meeting was held in the park, and at night following a powerful address by the Colonel, five souls surrendered. —S.N.



Of INTEREST to WOMEN

Are You In a Cooking Rut?

Why Serve the "Same Old Thing" When, With a Little Thought, the Menu can be Delightfully Varied?

THE INFLUENCE

OF RAIMENT

FROM time to time there come periods in the history of a people when modesty throughout the nation wears thin in the field of social life; it appears to be washed off, to be blown away. This has happened in the pitiless flood of some pestilence in a country, or in the blasting upheavals of war. Then almost invariably it is that the realities of religion and the exalted instincts of truth, goodness and beauty wither.

"It is hardly possible, for example, for a body that is immodestly clothed to be the tabernacle of a spirit endued in the wedding-robe of Christ. I would say nothing to affront beauty, brightness and seamliness in attire; these are duties. But there is a blight in immodest raiment which no soul can escape. Those who adopt it deliberately pronounce their own judgment, the judgment of sterility in spiritual flower and fruit. But even those who follow the fashion of it in mere gregarious simplicity never escape entirely. A robe conceived and created in what is called the 'half-world' carries its creative impulse with it and re-creates the impulse. There is a subtle instinct which impels people to act up to the clothes they wear."—Dr. Boyd Scott in the "British Weekly."

MAN'S DOMAIN INVADED

Women do not enter the British Civil Service on exactly the same terms as men. Their scale of pay is somewhat lower. This has given rise to a curious circumstance. At one time the male civil servants strongly opposed the payment of women on the same scale as themselves.

Now they are beginning to suspect that the pronounced success that women are having in the Civil Service examinations is due to a preference by the authorities for the cheaper article. So the demand which the women have all along made for equal pay all round is now getting support, from no altruistic motives, from the men.

The demand may be met, but it is doubtful if it will curb ardor, or diminish the speed with which women are invading what was once the undisputed domain of the male.

MUSIC IN EVERY HOME

In every year there should be fifty-two music weeks, and in each day of every week there should be music in every home.

Music is the oldest and noblest form of expression. Birds sang long before men talked. Before the birds sang, there was the music of the wind in the great fern tree forests that created our coal beds.

Music is or ought to be part of everything important in life. It expresses as nothing else can men's highest aspirations, deepest sorrows, patriotic courage, love of country and of home.

"Take music from life and you might as well take color from the sky, flowers from the field, and kindness from the human eye."—From "San Francisco Examiner."

Difficulties are the stones out of which all God's houses are built.—Faber.

HAVE you got into a cooking rut? Many women have, and do not realize it. Early in their married life they learned to cook a certain number of dishes—and for a while they took delight in trying out new ones. The many cares of the household, however, put a stop to this and to-day the dishes are almost the same as those served five, ten or twenty years ago. When this occurs, the woman is in a cooking rut.

Serve at least one new dish a week. Get the recipe from a paper or maga-

As for vegetables, well, try candied carrots. Cook carrots until partly tender in boiling water to which a tablespoonful of sugar has been added. If carrots are large, cut in three slices; small carrots, cut in half. Then place in a baking dish and sprinkle the carrots with salt, pepper and granulated sugar. Dot generously with butter. Bake until nicely browned.

Dessert? Well, of course dessert is a very important dish. So far as the children, and also the man of the home, are concerned, it is very, very

a quart of milk, half a pint of cream, a cup of sugar, one tablespoon vanilla, two junket tablets and a tablespoon of cold water—a combination that is surely sufficiently inexpensive to please the most economical.

Mix milk and cream together and warm to lukewarm, and hot, then add sugar and vanilla. Dissolve junket tablets in the cold water, add to the milk, stir well a moment, then pour immediately into the freezer can, and let stand in a warm room until firm—about twenty minutes. Place can in freezer, pack with ice and salt, and freeze slowly to a thick mush, then finish freezing rapidly.

This dessert is very easy to make, lends variety to the menu, requiring no eggs and little cream and is thus inexpensive, does not need to be cooked, and is easily digested and yet healthful and nourishing.

It is well worth trying—whether you are in a cooking rut or not.—Betty Barclay.

THE HUMBLE EGG

To Separate Yolk from White

Crack the egg, shell cleanly in halves, but do not allow the egg to come out. Open gradually and allow the egg yolk to slip into one half of the shell and the white to fall into a basin. Pass the yolk from one half of the shell to the other until all the white has fallen into the basin. Or the egg can be broken into a narrow-stemmed funnel and the yolk carefully lifted out or held aside whilst the white runs through.

To Whisk Successfully

Stale eggs will never become stiff, as the whites are too watery. Always whisk eggs in as cold a temperature as possible as they "come up" quicker. It is also best to allow the whites to stand as long as possible in a cold place before beating up. See that not the least speck of yolk is in the white; all the beating in the world will not make them stiff if there is.

When only two or three whites are to be beaten a plate is preferable to a basin.

Use a broad-bladed knife; add a few grains of salt; whisk slowly at first, then quicker, keeping the blade of the knife perfectly flat, and using a circular movement of the wrist so that the whole of the white is moving.

When ready they should be a stiff, foamy mass and should be used immediately. They sink quickly and cannot be re-beaten.

Tar can be removed from the hands if they are very thoroughly rubbed with butter. If the hands are stained after preparing vegetables, they should be rubbed with lemon.

BIBLE WOMEN

According to the Poets SALOME



*How little didst thou think, while tripping down
To meet Herodias from that wild carouse,
That thou would'st win such terrible renown,
And men should name thy name with heavy brows!
For in the fierce light of thy mother's guilt,
Before the nations thou art dancing still,
Up to the wine-cups! Holy life was split,
And thy fair girl-hood served a murderous will
And so thou fillest up the historic page
With the keen scribe and ruthless Pharisee,
And, linked with all the furies of the age,
Hast found no pitying heart to plead for thee;
For, lo! thy dancing-dress is bloody-red,
And thy young hands have borne John Baptist's head!*
Charles Tennyson Turner

zine, borrow it from a neighbor, look it up in your cook-book, or compose something yourself—but see that at least one new recipe is tried out during the week. Do this and your table will soon become a smiling meeting place for the family, for nothing pleases quite so much as novelty.

It is not necessary to go to great expense in order to serve something new. Perhaps you would like a new salad. Experiment a bit with your common fruits and vegetables and before you know it you will have composed one fit for a king.

important. The fact that so many desserts are expensive, however, often keeps the housewife from setting new ones on the table.

Why not serve ice-cream occasionally? Make it at home, with your own ingredients and have it ready to dip from the freezer to the plate at dessert time. It isn't necessary to go to the expense of purchasing a large quantity of cream. Even eggs may be eliminated—and cooking as well—if you make use of a couple of junket tablets.

Enough vanilla ice-cream to fill a two-quart freezer may be made from



The Owen Sound Home League, which, under Secretary Mrs. Munro, is proving its worth in a very definite manner. The League has twenty-eight members. Mrs. Ensign Gage (right centre), the former Officer, was a tower of strength to the women. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Adjutant Kitson, who is also lending every effort to further the work of the League.

"PRAISE HIM WITH THE CORNET"

Psalm 150:3 (margin)

Shoulder-to-Shoulder Fighting

Do Not Advertise the Failings of Your Band or Brigade; Practice "Esprit de Corps" and Thus Promote Harmony and Efficiency

THE phrase "esprit de corps," will not be strange to many, especially to the comrades who served in the Great War; moreover it will probably recall some amusing incidents, as that of the battalion wag who, on passing another unit, would usually sing out something like the following: "Stand back the Buffs and let the Essex pass!" Each regiment liked to feel it had seen the roughest fighting, and each soldier that his particular unit was more efficient than any in the service.

That is "esprit de corps"—a spirit that should be developed in the lives of Salvation Army Bandsmen and Songsters concerning their particular "regiment."

Whilst engaged in conversation with some young Bandsmen recently one spoke of the Band of which he

self is not helpful, but when used to influence others it becomes a positive wrong, and frequently occasions serious consequences. Once discontent is rife in a Band its advancement is negated. For myself I try to apply "esprit de corps" to every side of my Band warfare.

Here is an example of true "esprit de corps" as it should be applied to our Bands and Brigades:

A mother's love for her son is such that to her there is no son like him, and she is very reluctant to admit any of his faults; to a stranger she would not mention them, but dwell only on his virtues. She endeavors to shield him from reproach. Such is her love for her boy; such is her charity toward him; thus whilst not blind to his faults, yet she upholds him and sings his praises.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC By Eminent Composers and Authors

Collected by Lt.-Colonel R. Slater

If you were Bandmasters in the Celestial City and your business was henceforth to play before the Throne, what sort of music would you aim at producing? Surely you would say, "We must make music that pleases the Great Being on the Throne." That very business is yours on earth.—The Founder.

Music does not instruct, but it certainly educates.—Martensen.

The sweetest music is the soul's well-come to Heaven.—Beecher.

Music was ordained to refresh the mind of man.—Shakespeare.

To devote his talents to sacred music will ever be the most ambitious aim of a composer.—Wassilewski.

Music should kindle the Divine flame in the human mind.—Beethoven.

There is around His feet eternal melody.—Beecher.

The people's songs are a mine of most beautiful melodies.—Schumann.

It is in my musical labors that often when oppressed with work I find a source of rest and recreation.—Haydn.

Music is the conscious language of feeling.—Wagner.

Melody is, and ever will be, the very flower of music.—Ambros.

Music appeals, not to a class but to all men.—Franz.

Tempo is like the pulse in the human body.—Weber.

Music is never stationary.—Liszt.

"All that hath breath, praise the Lord"—saith the Psalm; thence it followeth that in all and every language, speeches, and tongues, we should praise and praise the Lord.—Luther.

Music is a beautiful and glorious gift of God.—Praetorius.

For the most part, gentle or subdued sounds, and gentle or subdued colors are more pleasing than either in their utmost force; nevertheless, in all the noblest compositions, the utmost power is permitted, but only for a short time, or over a small space.—Ruskin.

"COME TO THE HOMING AGAIN"

[The last published song of Envy Hawley, a gifted song-writer, who recently passed away in Calgary. The song appeared in the August issue of the "Musical Salvationist".]

Oh, say, are you lonely to-night?
Are you longing again for a friend?
Do you sigh by the way for return of the day.

When your sinning and sighing will end?
Have courage, arise, and away.
For the olden love you may regain;
Come home, never fear, with a penitent tear;

Oh, come to the homing again!

How strange it must seem to you now!
How the air of evil beguiled!
How the fields far away seemed as fair as the day:

Sin had judgment and conscience defiled.
Oh, come, be not lonely to-night.
Nor let your chair vacant remain;
Though others delay, but you come away!

Oh, come to the homing again!

which we play or sing, and in doing so we shall contribute to the general well-being of things, and make the spiritual attack we are waging upon the Devil's kingdom more effective by the happy, united front we show.



"All round the world with MUSIC and with SONG"

was a member in very pessimistic terms, belittling the efforts of his comrades in rather a shameful way. I took him to task and remarked that probably he and others like him were largely responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the Band; further, I pointed out to him that dissatisfaction, when alienated from optimism, is not conducive to progress, and that one morbid "Job's comforter" could soon convert others to his way of thinking unless he was checked at the beginning. I remarked too, that as a comparative stranger to the inner workings of his Band, it was not very kind of him to advertise its failings to me!

My talk with him set me thinking that the discontent to be found in some Bands is due, in some measure, to this dreary outlook and miserable spirit of foreboding on the part of Bandsmen themselves.

To entertain such a viewpoint one-

This should be the attitude of Salvationists one to another. To successfully do our part toward the making of a fine Band or Brigade we must always seek to improve its standing spiritually and musically, to uplift its name whenever possible, and to look upon it as our Band—our Brigade—in which we have a direct interest, and are affected by its reputation.

Let us more and more practise "esprit de corps" in all matters pertaining to the Band or Brigade in

VISITORS TO TORONTO, PLEASE NOTE

OSHAWA BAND WILL BE AT DOVERCOURT CORPS

on SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st., and SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

United Festival, Saturday Evening



BAND CHAT

Bandsman Ernest Stevens has faredwell from Earls Court, owing to business reasons, and leaves immediately for Montreal. Bandsman Stevens has been an earnest and loyal Bandsman since his Junior days and takes with him the best wishes of his former comrades.

Bandsman Alfred Majury has been appointed Corps Secretary at Earls Court.

The Hamilton III Band journeyed to Simcoe on Sunday, August 4th, to participate in the Simcoe Centennial Services. In the evening service held in the Arena with the Churches uniting, the Band supplied the music. During the day the Band visited the Hospital and the Aged People's Home. A late Open-air was also held which attracted hundreds of people.

A hearty welcome to the Montreal Citadel Band has recently been extended to Bandsman Stevens, of Earls Court, Toronto, and Bandsman Lancaster, late of Hull, England and Belleville. These comrades are already getting into their stride and giving valuable assistance in the bass and euphonium sections respectively.

Mention might also be made of Band-Sergeant F. Knights, who, although appointed only a few weeks ago, has entered whole-heartedly upon his duties, and is of great assistance and encouragement to the Band as a whole.

A strenuous Fall and Winter campaign is being planned, which it is hoped will further His Kingdom through the power of music.—H.C.T.

Bandsman Frank Shaw, of Peter-sham, Australia, was given a hearty welcome by the Earls Court Band recently. Bandsman Shaw, who plays solo euphonium when "at home," is on a world tour in connection with his business. He gives a good testimony.

The Glace Bay Citadel Band is booked to visit Charlottetown on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 31st, September 1st and 2nd, accompanied by Commandant and Mrs. Speller. The following influential gentlemen have consented to act as chairmen for various festivals: His Honor Lieut.-Governor F. R. Hearts, Premier A. C. Saunders, K.C., Hon. R. H. Jenkins, M.P., Mr. Chester S. McLure, M.P.P. Senator B. C. Prowse, although declining an invitation to preside owing to illness, subscribed his donation (\$50.00) in advance! His Worship Mayor (Dr.) Yeo and city aldermen will accord the visitors a civic reception on arrival.

A note, received from the Hamilton Mountain Sanitarium and addressed to the Editor, reads thus: "Dear sir:

"I would like to thank the Hamilton I Band for the splendid musical program rendered this Sunday afternoon, and do so on behalf of the patients of the Sanitarium. That is the class of music that would make good radio programs.

"Yours faithfully,

"George McDougall."

Many readers will agree with Mr. McDougall's remark about sacred music in radio programs. What a pity isn't more of it!

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

Corps Opened at Heart's Content

ON JULY 28th The Salvation Army opened fire at Heart's Content. The week-end meetings were marked by much interest and enthusiasm amongst the youth of the town especially and great crowds attended all services.

Mrs. Colonel Dickerson, accompanied by Major Sainsbury, Ensign Butler and Captain Moulton, motored out to conduct the initial services. A feature of the gatherings was the hearty response to the choruses sung, many of which were sung here for the first time. The young people showed evidence of good vocal talent. Keen attention was given as the speaker dealt with God's Word, and explained the purpose of The Army's coming to the town. We are confident that the hearts of many were stirred in the night meeting when Mrs. Colonel Dickerson spoke, urging the parents to live so that their children may grow up to honor God. The Corps Officers (Captain E. Brown, Lieutenant G. Pilgrim), spoke in each service and promised their best efforts to all classes in the community. We are praying that the week-end, with all its impressions and with the entreaties and exhortations of every Officer, may be effective. Already news has reached headquarters of soul-saving times. May God bless the two women Officers who are toiling hard for the Master.

A Hallelujah Wedding

GRAND BANK (Field-Major and Mrs. Sainsbury)—A Hallelujah wedding took place recently, when Captain Martha Jennings was united in marriage to Captain C. Lester. The ceremony was performed by Field-Major Sainsbury. Following the marriage ceremony short addresses were given by Captain Sainsbury and Captain Moulton, who supported the bridal couple. A reception was held in the Young People's Hall, which was handled by the Home League. May God's blessing rest upon the united efforts of our comrades.—E. K.

"Regulars" Enrolled

HAMPDEN (Ensign Boucher)—We have realized much of God's presence in our meetings during the past three weeks. A number of persons have given their hearts to God. Others have sought a deeper experience of God's grace. On Wednesday afternoon, August 4th, Brother and Sister Regular took their places as Soldiers under the Blood and Fire Flag. At night three souls joined Salvation. Young People's meetings have been started successfully.—A. L. B.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

CORPS CADET L. THOMAS, New Chelsea

On July 23rd death came very suddenly to one of our young comrades, the person of Corps Cadet Thomas. His personal testimony, although briefly given was very sincere. Our young comrade went to St. Anthony at August to teach school and was only there six weeks when he contracted typhoid fever and was sent to the hospital. He recovered sufficiently to return home, and was preparing himself to enter the Training Garrison when stricken by sunstroke which caused his death.

Shortly before he died he opened his eyes and pointed upward, smiling. In this attitude his spirit took flight. We are convinced that this had no terrors for him. May God comfort the parents and other members of the family in their hours of darkness.

The Funeral and Memorial services were conducted by Lieutenant Blackmore, assisted by Captain Ellis. A large crowd gathered to pay their respects to a godly life.—M. L.

SEVEN TIMES AROUND

Remarkable Result of Persevering Prayer and Faith in Korea

Here is one of the stories told by Mrs. Staff-Captain Cooper, now home on furlough from Korea:

"We believe in the Devil in Korea. We meet him and his works every day; know people who are possessed of evil spirits, and have seen some remarkable deliverances.

"A woman in one of our Corps in Korea was possessed in this way. In England we should say that she was a lunatic.

"It was difficult to win the ears of the people in her village, and the Korean Officer in charge of the Corps had laid upon his heart that if by faith the deliverance of this woman would be secured, the work of God would be greatly helped. He called his Soldiers together and read to them the story of Joshua and the capture of Jericho.

"What God did then He can do now," he said. "We must have faith, and we will march round that house as those people of God marched round

Jericho."

"So every day for seven days that Army Corps marched round the house of the lunatic woman, singing as they marched:

What can wash away my sin,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

"By the seventh day nothing had happened.

"Never mind," said the Officer; "we want more faith. On the seventh day the Israelites marched round the house seven times. Let us do that!"

"So they marched seven times round that house, and at the seventh there was a cry from the people inside.

"You have killed her," they cried. The woman had swooned, and when she recovered she was in her right mind. To-day she is a Salvationist, doing her part for God and praising Him for such a wonderful deliverance."

WINDSOR I BAND

Alive to Its Opportunities

The Windsor I Band is very much alive to its opportunities, as is evidenced by the Band's recent activities. On Saturday night, August 17th, the Band journeyed to Harrow, a distance of twenty-five miles and gave a very helpful Open-air festival in aid of the Kingsville Corps (of which Harrow is an Outpost). The people lined the streets to listen to the message of music and song and if the kindly expressions heard on every hand are any criterion of appreciation, the Bandsmen feel well repaid for their efforts. In spite of the fact that it was nearly midnight when the Band reached home, yet they were on the job again the next morning at nine-thirty at the Essex County Sanitarium, a distance of several miles from the No. 1 Citadel, where a wonderful Open-air service was held on the spacious lawn of the "San."

The Band appropriately confined their music to the playing of old hymn tunes, which proved to be such a blessing and an inspiration to those laid aside.

Three of the patients professed conversion as a result of the Band's visit.

The efforts of the Band were deeply appreciated, as expressed by both the staff and the patients. The Band is under the leadership of Bandmaster G. Cobbett, and Deputy-Bandmaster F. Wade.—W.D.

HAUNTED BY VULTURES

A Story of the Late Colonel Dean
In one of Colonel Dean's meetings in my native town a man refused to yield, although he was under deep conviction, says a prominent Army Officer.

The Colonel exhausted himself in every way in his endeavors to win him, and then as he reluctantly left him, he turned and said:

"Well, you will repent when the vultures are around you." Years afterward the man went to the Klondike, and, like many who ventured in to that part of the world, lost the trail. He floundered about in the snowdrifts until his strength failed and he was in danger of perishing.

As he lay among the rocks, weak almost to the point of death, the vultures gathered around him, and he immediately recalled the words uttered by The Army Officer in far-away Australia.

There and then he called upon God to forgive him and cleanse him from sin. Salvation came to him, and almost simultaneously he was most unexpectedly rescued. He lived the rest of his days a real warrior of King Jesus.—Canada West "War Cry."

WHEN DEATH STRIKES

The poet sings—
There is no death! What seems so is transition.

And in the peaceful hour when death seems a thing remote, fit subject for speculative reflection, one may respond, "A beautiful conception!" (says a writer in the "Sunday School Times.")

Very often since the tragic days of the World War many have been thrilled with aesthetic gratification at hearing some rich baritone singing the dramatic lyric.

I tell you they have not died, closing with the triumphant crescendo.

There is no death!

But to the one who has sat beside some loved form, perhaps but yesterday instinct with youth and health and splendid energy, and has realized with sudden, agonizing benumbing horror that the impossible has happened, that that ghastly experience which a few hours ago seemed as remote and unreal as an evil dream is even now upon him; to one who, as the twilight deepened, has watched the loved features transformed moment by moment into strange, unfamiliar lines, the eye glazing, the breath growing shorter and shorter until the last fluttering sigh fades into the long, long silence of the years,—to such a one there is no convincing assurance in the exultant cry of poet or singer. "There is no death!" In such an hour no anchor holds but one that grips the Rock of Ages, no promise soothes but one that is signed and sealed by God Almighty. Such a one knows beyond a peradventure that death is a ghastly reality, an enemy implacable, inexorable, the last enemy that shall be overcome. Tragic fate if he has not before his hour of bitter need faced the eternal verities and so made ready for the storm!

THE PROFITEER

A delightful story concerning the early days of Colonel George Carpenter, newly-appointed Chief Secretary for Australia East, is told in a recent issue of "The War Cry" for that Territory. When the young man was converted the news soon reached a crippled greengrocer. That acute individual declared that the convert would have done with his old way of spending Saturday afternoons (football having been the main occupation), and promptly invited him to fill in the hours left vacant by selling his fruit for him from door to door—without remuneration, of course! Those who have had any association with the Colonel during his thirty-five years of Officership would be surprised to hear that the

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my good Shepherd,
For me He doth provide;
He leads me in green pastures
The quiet streams beside;
Where all my cares and strivings
cease.
He makes me to lie down in peace.

From waywardness and sorrow
My soul He does restore.
And where new danger lurketh,
He kindly goes before;
If, foolishly, I go astray,
He brings me back into the way.

Yea, though I walk the valley
Of death's appalling shade,
With Thee, O Lord, beside me,
I shall not be afraid;
For I am closer then to Thee.
Thy rod and staff they comfort me.

Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Have followed all my ways,
And, surely, they shall keep me
The remnant of my days;
And I shall dwell, when life is over,
Within Thy house for evermore.
—J. Lewis Milligan.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

BROTHER JAMES SMITH, Chatham, Ont.

The Death Angel has claimed Brother James Smith. "Jim" had attended our services from the earliest days of The Army here. For the last two or three years he took delight in acting as Door Sergeant and in distributing the song books. This he loved to do and always had a word of welcome for strangers. Brother Smith was sixty-three years of age: The last two weeks of his life were spent in the General Hospital, where he passed away. He was well-known in the city and was visited by many friends including Salvationists. He left a clear testimony. In the absence of our Officers on furlough, the Funeral service was conducted by Commandant Jordan, who was home on furlough. The service was largely attended. The following Sunday the Memorial service was conducted by Ensign Mundy. The sympathy of the Corps is extended to the relatives.—S. McD.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM!"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my property, known as No., in the City or Town of), to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR,

"I bequeath to Edward J. Higgins, or to the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of said Edward J. Higgins, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustee for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in Rescue (or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to—

COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,
20 Albert Street,
Toronto 2.

young convert did any other than cheerfully agree to serve in this manner. He hawked fruit and the glory to God was not reduced by the profit to the wise old greengrocer!

HIS WIFE'S STORY

THE morning sun was streaming over the Welsh hills into the tiny room, and a ray of light fell gently on the silver hair of the sick woman, lighting her face with supernatural lustre. Her evenly chiselled features bore a calm and chastened expression and told as plainly as any written word of suffering silently borne in the strength of Christ and of peace as deep as the river of God.

Her lips began to move.

"I used to lie awake at night and pray and wonder.

"The drink had turned my husband into a brute.

A Terrible Kick

"He gave me a terrible kick one night that laid me helpless for ten weeks. I could not move during that time without being lifted by the neighbors. In his terrible drunken frenzy he has pulled me by the hair from bed while I have had a tiny baby at my breast and thrust me downstairs and out into the cold Winter's night in the rain and wind, where through the long hours I have stood, only partly dressed, while the pitiless gusts have whirled around me, and wondered when the end would come.

"One night I distinctly remember—for I recall how brightly the moon shone over the mountain and how quickly the clouds raced after each other across the sky—a man came trembling toward me. He was very much agitated.

"Tell me," he cried, in a broken voice, 'is it a spirit, or is it a woman'?"

"It is only a poor woman, sir," I replied.

"He thought he had seen a ghost. Though very little money came into my hands, and I had a young family, I never remember having failed to put my husband's glass of beer beside his plate. I had to do it.

"One evening he came in and said he had been for a walk. He was perfectly sober and looked very miserable. I put the glass of beer near his plate. He sat by the table for a few moments, with his eyes partly closed and his lips silently moving.

Emptied the Tumbler

"Then he stretched his shaking hand toward the tumbler, which he carried from the table, and emptied its contents down the sink. After that he moved up and down in a restless uncertain way, and seeing a little dust-covered Bible, he picked it up and read a few words.

"He went to The Army that night. He had been to the meetings without my knowledge. I shall never forget him going out. He took one of the little ones with him. That was the first time I ever saw him take one of his children by the hand.

"The next night after I had gone to bed I heard a strange noise downstairs. I crept out of bed on to the landing and peered over the banisters, but it was dark. I listened. The strange noise continued, and there was a sound as of sobbing. It was my dear husband trying to pray. My feelings may be better imagined than described.

A Better Father

"Before we went to rest the next night he called the children together. With a husky and broken voice, and big, scalding tears coursing down his cheeks, he took me in his arms and kissed me. Then with a real effort he spoke.

"Children," said he, 'my dear children—I am going to be a father to you—by God's help I am. Mother will read a few verses from the Bible—and—then—I will try to say a few words of prayer.'

"That is over twenty-five years ago, sir. He has kept his word."

Her streaming eyes looked up with the love-light in them and met her husband's tender and solicitous gaze. —"All the World."

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We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, send anyone in difficulty.

One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt. Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt. Colonel Desbriay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

PERRY, Mrs.—Last known address: 1 Westwood Avenue, Tadmor, Toronto. Friends in England enquiring.

ELKINS, Miss Elizabeth—Left Chicago in 1907 for Toronto. A friend who owes her money desires to get in touch with her.

MCDERMID, Mrs. Ethel—Lived at 159 Wyndham Street, Guelph, Ont. At one time lived in Irlington, Ont. Has two sisters and a brother. Relatives enquiring.

JOHNSON, Lizzie Pebbles or Johnson—Native of Ireland. Left Paisley, Scotland, in 1913, for Hamilton, Ont. Age 41. Height 5 ft. 6 ins.; black hair; black eyes; dark complexion. Spinner by trade. Husband enquires.

STREETER, Violet (nee Fife)—Living two years. Last address: St. Williams, Ont. Age 27. Height 5 ft. 4 ins.; hair, medium color; eyes dark; complexion dark. Mother enquires.

GILLIES, Clara—May be known as Gray. Supposed to be a Salvationist. Black hair, and wore eye-glasses. Sailed in Australia enquires.

COMING EVENTS

BRIGADIER BURTON: Norwich, Sat.-Sun., Aug. 31, and Sept. 1.

MAJOR CAMERON: Woodstock, Mon. Sept. 9; St. Stephen, Tues. Sept. 10th; Campbellton, Mon. Sept. 16; Chatham, Tues. Sept. 17; Newcastle, Wed. Sept. 18; Amherst, Thurs. Sept. 19; St. Catharines, Fri. Sept. 20.

MAJOR KENDALL: Midland, Mon. Aug. 26, to Mon. Sept. 2.

MAJOR OWEN: Little Current, Sun. Sept. 1; Parry Sound, Sat.-Sun. Sept. 7-8; Sudbury, Fri. Sept. 13; Chapleau, Sat.-Sun. Sept. 14-15; Cobalt, Sat.-Sun. Sept. 21-22; New Liskeard, Mon. Sept. 23; Halleybury, Fri. Sept. 21; Kirkland Lake, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 22-23.

HER PRICE ABOVE RUBIES

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands."—Wisdom of Solomon.

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; it bridles the tongue, restrains the hand, and tramples upon temptations.

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114 Beekwith St., Smith's Falls, Ont.

CIRCULATION CHART

Halifax Division	
HALIFAX I 1,000	(Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)
Truro 236	(Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson)
New Glasgow 228	(Adjutant and Mrs. Woolcott)
Halifax II 228	(Ensign and Mrs. Capson)
Yarmouth 300	(Ensign and Mrs. Mills)
Dartmouth 186	(Ensign and Mrs. Langford)
Hamilton Division	
HAMILTON I 500	(Commandant and Mrs. Laing)
Hamilton IV 500	(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)
Hamilton II 320	(Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)
Bramford 280	(Adjutant Kettle, Captain Lennox)
Orillia 280	(Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)
Hamilton III 280	(Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart)
St. Catharines 250	(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourne)
Galt 228	(Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)
Kitchener 200	(Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson)
Bridgeburg 200	(Lieutenant P. Johnston)
Niagara Falls I 180	(Ensign and Mrs. Knaap)
Port Colborne 176	(Captain and Mrs. Ritchie)
Guelph 170	(Commandant and Mrs. White)

London Division	
ST. THOMAS 295	(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)
London I 250	(Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)
Woodstock, Ont. 210	(Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey)
Stratford 200	(Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)
Owen Sound 180	(Adjutant and Mrs. Kilsen)

Montreal Division	
MONTREAL I 900	(Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier, Lieutenant Lautebach)
Sherbrooke 488	(Captain Lorimer, Lieutenant Knaap)
Kington 280	(Ensign and Mrs. Howlett, Lieutenant Jennings)
Montreal IV 280	(Captain and Mrs. Worthylake)
Montreal II 226	(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)
Montreal VI (Verdun) 200	(Adjutant and Mrs. Larnan)
Belleville 180	(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)
Coniwell 156	(Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)

(Continued in column 4)

THEY ARE STILL RISING

A Fine Chance for our Young People to Distinguish Themselves—A very busy person finds time to write a few lines about the "Cry"

I AM VERY PLEASED to receive the photo this week of Lillian Blair, whom Captain Snowden, of Smith's Falls, says is the youngest and latest "War Cry" boomer in that Corps. Though only nine years of age, she sells forty copies weekly. This has encouraged the Corps Officer to increase "The Cry" order from 111 to 140 weekly. I hope that



quite a number of Officers will receive similar encouragement. Here's a fine chance for our Young People. How many more nine-year-olds are going to distinguish themselves by selling forty "War Crys" a week?

Here is a letter which also makes me feel good, especially that nice reference to myself. The writer says:

Orillia, Ont.
I'm a very, very busy person since I have to go to work and have two small children to look after, so that when I'm at home I can find plenty to do, but I feel I simply must sit down right now in the midst of a big wash for my own family to write these few words of appreciation of "The War Cry."

I just love it, all through from "cover to cover," but particularly page two. Don't ever, ever leave out, or alter page two, please. If you knew the help and strength and comfort I get from that page.

Of course, I'm a Salvationist, and

I sell "War Crys," too. Can't say I "boom" them, for I've found that a difficult proposition, considering circumstances, but I give a copy or so away each week and pay for them, that being the best I can do, and perhaps some such copy may some time be the "just one 'War Cry'" of which "Don Day" once wrote.

I love his articles, and think C. M. Rising is a wonderful person and I enjoy Band chat, and revel in the Home League notes, and like the stories, and oh! I'm just heels over head in love with the whole "Cry," but page two is the "holy of holies."

We've the most wonderful and dearly beloved Officers in our Corps, and I never miss a meeting, but I'm dreadfully deaf at times and so often I find in page two all the help and encouragement, spiritually, that the rest get in the meetings.

May God bless "The War Cry" and all who work to make it what it is! Have just read the article "Send it to the Salvage Department," also the wee article about "health fads," and of course I had a good laugh over both. Thank God for a religion that lets us laugh!

Alice LeBas.

Further good news comes to rejoice my heart as I am writing these notes. Bridgeburg has ordered fifty copies a week extra. The Corps now takes 900 copies. Well done, Lieutenant Johnston!—you are evidently in to see 'em rising and C. M. R. thanks you.

Adjutant Bond, of Rhodes Avenue, has gone up five and the Corps now takes 145 copies a week. Only a small increase is true, but then every little helps, as the pig said when he swallowed a fly and a lot of little rises will soon make a big rise in our Territorial total. Let's hope we shall continue to

—C. M. RISING.

(Continued from column 1)

North Bay Division

TIMMINS 350	(Captain and Mrs. Ford)
North Bay 230	(Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)
Sudbury 228	(Adjutant and Mrs. Rix)
Sault Ste. Marie I 200	(Ensign Waters, Lieutenant Ibbotson)
Sault Ste. Marie II 176	(Captain and Mrs. Culvert)
Cochrane 180	(Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant McFarlane)

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I 600	(Adjutant and Mrs. Hart)
Ottawa II 210	(Commandant and Mrs. Davis)
Ottawa III 180	(Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)

St. John Division

ST. JOHN I 425	(Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)
Moncton 516	(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)
Fredericton 265	(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)
St. Stephen 225	(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)
Charlottetown 228	(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)
St. John II 180	(Captain Davies, Lieutenant Pope)
Campbellton 160	(Adjutant Millard, Lieutenant Brown)
Woodstock, N.B. 160	(Captain and Mrs. Hammond)
St. John III 180	(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)

Sydney Division

SYDNEY 285	(Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford)
Glace Bay 235	(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)
Whitby 180	(Ensign and Mrs. Green)
Sydney Mines 150	(Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)

Toronto East Division

PETERBORO 390	(Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham)
Yorkville 235	(Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)
Cobourg 228	(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrave)
Riverdale 225	(Ensign and Mrs. Fallo)
Oshawa 210	(Ensign and Mrs. Dixon)
Danforth 200	(Captain and Mrs. Jolly)
East Toronto 180	(Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)
North Toronto 150	(Captain and Mrs. Evenden)

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT 275	(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)
Dovercourt 240	(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)
West Toronto 240	(Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)
Lisgar Street 170	(Field-Major and Mrs. Squirebrigg)
Swansea 170	(Captain Smith, Lieutenant Clark)

I.H.Q.

Toronto Temple 160	(Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)
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Windsor Division

WINDSOR I 350	(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)
Windsor II 275	(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)
Sarnia 275	(Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)
Windsor III 220	(Captain and Mrs. MacGillivray)
Leamington 180	(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)
Wallaceburg 180	(Ensign and Mrs. Hobbins)

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

Sub-T.H.Q. and St. John's Corps 650	(Commandant and Mrs. Marsh)
Grand Falls 180	(Lieutenant Downey)

Vacationists Lend a Hand

GRAVENHURST (Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Smith)—We were delighted to have Major Owen with us for the week-end of August 10th and 11th. A useful open-air meeting on Saturday night made a good beginning. On Sunday we had visiting comrades with us from Orillia, Toronto, and Chatham, who lent willing support in the meetings.

The inside meetings were well attended, and the Major's messages were listened to with interest. During the day two comrades were enrolled under the Colors as Soldiers, and one sought Christ.



[We will welcome for this column messages from our readers which are likely to be of comfort, cheer and blessing to others.]

A MEMORY OF SEAFORTH

The writer is and has been a reader of "The War Cry" for a long time, and I must say I derive much profit and inspiration through reading this splendid journal.

I have often thought of an incident of my boyhood days which might interest your readers, so I "pass it on." Great interest was manifested in the advent of the Salvation Army at Seaforth many years ago, and I well remember that on the first Sunday morning, several hundreds witnessed the first Open-air meeting on the Town Hall square.

I attended both morning and evening meetings and at night there sat beside me a boy friend whom we (the boys) all called "Chummie." Now "Chummie" was not very friendly to The Army and cast many remarks and slurs at the speakers on the platform. I well remember that in the final appeal for converts the leader of the meeting asked for some one to start the new life and also to be the first convert of The Army in Seaforth. "Chummie" appeared very antagonistic and in anger shouted out "well you start it," to which the

Officer who was leading the meeting made no reply.

A few days later I attended another meeting and by this time several had made their way to the Penitent-form and were seated on the platform. Imagine my surprise to see "Chummie" amongst the number. A greater surprise it was when "Chummie" gave his testimony in a clear cut manner.

I do not think any of his boy chums thought that "Chummie" would stick—in fact we all concluded that he was only joking, or trying to make sport of the leader, who was a small man, but very sincere.

But "Chummie" did stick and today (and this is some forty-eight years later) is one of the leading Officers of The Army in the United States. In fact he is Chief Secretary for the Western Territory.

Andrew Crawford is the "Chummie" to whom I refer. Another evidence of the wonderful way in which God works and the great work and future He had in store for one who no doubt little expected it—W. H. Willis, Seaforth.

A THANKFUL EX-PRISONER

Dear Sir:—

The writer was recently discharged from the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph and for that reason does not care to disclose his identity.

Speaking for himself and for the other 500 inmates at that institution, he does want to tender his and their sincere gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, of The Salvation Army, at Guelph, for their untiring efforts in behalf of the unfortunate men at the above named institution.

He and they would appreciate it if you would be good enough to publish this in the "War Cry," please.

The wisest men are those who talk least, for it has always been regarded as a sign of folly to show too great a desire for much speaking.

If you will be governed by reason, and be true to the best of yourself, standing boldly to the truth, you will be happy.

The great secret of happiness is to study to accommodate our own minds to things external rather than accommodate things external to ourselves.

A strong will, a patient temper, and sound common sense, when united in the same individual, are as good as a fortune to their possessor.

Great natures gain the sympathy of the world because we know instinctively that they will follow a simple, brave, direct course. It is the small nature which is unreliable.

Visit to Canada East and Newfoundland of **THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS**

Accompanied by Colonel J. Pugmire and Major F. Taylor

ST. JOHN, N.B. - - SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

IN THE OPERA HOUSE

10.45 a.m. **HOLINESS MEETING**
3 p.m. **THE GENERAL** will Lecture on "Seventy Nations—One Flag"
The Honorable J. M. B. Baxter, K.C., Premier of New Brunswick, will preside
7 p.m. **SALVATION MEETING**

HALIFAX, N.S. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ROBIE STREET MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

8 p.m. **A PUBLIC WELCOME MEETING**
The Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, will preside, supported by leading citizens

' COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAXWELL
will be present at all Gatherings

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONGRESS

ST. JOHN'S - THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, to MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, - - In the Afternoon - - Government Reception.
8 p.m. **Public Welcome Meeting.**

The Honorable Tasker Cook, Deputy Prime Minister, Will Preside at both Functions

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th - - - - OFFICERS' COUNCILS

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th - - Afternoon - - A SPECTACULAR PARADE

8 p.m. **SOLDIERS' AND EX-SOLDIER'S ASSEMBLY**

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th

11 a.m. **HOLINESS MEETING**

3 p.m. **THE GENERAL** will Lecture on "Seventy Nations—One Flag"

SIR JOHN MIDDLETON, THE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND, WILL SPEAK

7 p.m. **SALVATION MEETING**

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th - - - - OFFICERS' COUNCILS

THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS will also visit the following Centres:

HAMILTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4th
MONTREAL, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8th

LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 6th
OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th

Canada East's 47th Annual Congress

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, to WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16th, Inclusive

Further Details regarding these Important Gatherings will be given in later issues